

APEC Report: The Atlantic economy in 1982

JANUARY 1982, \$2.00

Atlantic Insight

**Anne Murray:
The snowbird
soars**

**In N.B.: Sawmill
owners get
squeezed**

**In Nfld.: Making
a buck on the
dangers offshore**

**In N.S.: Where
do the Tories
go from here?**

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Atlantic Insight

January 1982, Vol. 4 No. 1

16 Cover Story: The solid gold show business career of Nova Scotia-born Anne Murray may look like it all happened easily. But it didn't. Ten long, lean years passed between her first hit "Snowbird" and the second blockbuster "You Needed Me" which made her a superstar. Back home to tape her first CBS TV special, Murray told *Atlantic Insight* that success which came late tastes just fine. And, she agrees, it's nice that it happened to a nice person. By Harris Sullivan

COVER PHOTOGRAPHY
BY DAVID NICHOLS



32 Travel: So you try to tell people you go to Las Vegas for the big, big shows or the big, big sports events? You lie, you lie. Even if you wanted to, you couldn't because Vegas is the city

gambling built and they're there to make sure you keep them in business. Stephen Kimber wanders, bemused, in the land of champagne dreams

36 Food: When you invite Charles Wiesner to dinner, lay on the scotch but stay out of the kitchen. He arrives with ingredients, utensils, just about everything he needs to create culinary masterpieces with the strong, succulent flavor of his Czechoslovakian ancestry. All this in New Brunswick, you say? Yum



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APEC

Atlantic Canada '82

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Editor's Letter

Ever since we were born, three years ago, *Atlantic Insight* has had to face the problem of coping with the time lapse that occurs between when we plan a new issue of the magazine and when that issue arrives in your mailbox or on your newsstand. It amounts to about six weeks during which we cross our fingers, hold a good thought and pray fervently that nothing happens to "date" the material that's gone to press.

Despite our fondest hopes, the problem hasn't gone away. And we haven't always been lucky. Careers that we triumphantly trumpeted as about to take off have, drat them, gone into mysterious decline, just in time to make you wonder why on earth we were doing *that* story. Cabinet ministers have shuffled from one portfolio to another as we stood by helplessly, knowing how silly we were going to look in a week or so. Booming businesses have occasionally gone bust, futures have gone boom and things have gone bump in the night.

Frustrating as our failures to keep up with fast-breaking events have been, no single event has been quite so sad as the one we feel obliged to report to you now.

Bonnie Islay Lad was unique in our experience. He was a pig, the first of his kind ever to appear on our Folks page. But Laddie, as he was known, wasn't just any pig. He was, as our December, 1981, Folks piece described him, "1,036 pounds and...still growing." Laddie's owner, Lloyd Jenkins of Lower Montague, P.E.I., thought the four-year-old boar might be the biggest pig in North America. And, indeed, he might have been.



Jenkins and the late, lamented Laddie



On a cold, wet, windy day last November, at about the time our December issue was on its way to you from the printer's, Jenkins decided to take Laddie to a grain elevator, seven miles from home, and get him weighed. He had reason to believe the pig might have gained 100 to 150 pounds more, making him an almost sure-fire entrant in the *Guinness Book of World Records*.

But when they got there, with Laddie travelling in an open trailer, the grain elevator was closed. Jenkins did a few errands and they arrived home about an hour and a half later. Laddie, he remembers, was not looking well. About an hour later he went to the pen to take the pig's temperature. It had shot up to 108°F. Ten minutes later, Laddie was dead.

Jenkins says he misses the big guy. "That pig could do everything but talk." And, as if fate were determined to exacerbate his sense of loss, he didn't make a cent on the animal. After a few futile attempts to dispose of him, Laddie was finally given away, to be used as pet food. Jenkins says he couldn't even find anyone who was prepared to mount Laddie's head for him.

But Laddie hasn't disappeared entirely without a trace. About 135 of the hogs in Jenkins' herd are Laddie's progeny—and possible superpigs of the future. Jenkins hasn't given up hope, but raising another Laddie will be no simple matter. To have an animal of that size, he points out, "you got to have an awful good set of feet and legs under that pig."

This isn't the kind of story we'd planned to kick off our first-ever January edition. But we felt we had to share it with you. *Adieu, Laddie. You really were some pig.*

Marilyn MacDonald

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FEEDBACK

Praise for Irish moderates

Harry Flemming, in your October issue (*Understanding Ireland: It's Not Easy*), quotes Baron Dunsany on the "insoluble problem" of Ulster. It takes two to tango, however, and we must never forget that the problem involves not just Ulster, but the whole of Ireland, north and south. George Moore, an Irish writer of an earlier time, had this to say: "Ireland is a disease—fatal to Irishmen, and doubly fatal to Englishmen." Meanwhile, in Ulster there are moderates who keep the economy and a degree of creativity going in face of every obscene assault. Today's jobless, chronically disaffected breed in Ulster, who can become "somebodies" only with guns in their hands, cannot hold a candle to them.

Barry McCullagh
Belleville, Ont.

Ruthless about railways

Your article *Last Spike, Last Straw* (The Region, October) prompted me to let your readers know they are not alone in their problem. We here in east central Saskatchewan are also losing our Super Continental service. In our case, VIA uses the main CN line serving such towns as Rivers in Manitoba; Watrous, Biggar and Unity in Sask.; Wainwright, Hinton and Jasper in Alberta, plus the cities of Melville and Saskatoon in Sask. and Edmonton in Alta. Most of this area has no east-west highway linking these centres. People living in a large portion of the Prairies north of this line have become dependent on the railway. However, the pro's and con's of the cuts don't alarm me quite as much as the way in which they were done. Perhaps now we realize how ruthless those people in Ottawa can be. Note that we don't hear anything about the huge accumulated deficit incurred by Mirabel Airport and air travel in general.

Lawrence J. Drayton
Kelliher, Sask.

A glowing question

I would like to commend you for the report in the October issue regarding the Aquitaine controversy (*Aquitaine Mines a Rich Vein of Controversy*, Nova Scotia). Don Pollack seems to have revised his thinking regarding the safety of uranium mining during the past few months for, according to statements attributed to him in a newspaper report in April, 1981, he acknowledged that "there is the danger of radioactivity" in such operations. Now, Pollock insists (as per your article) "that the technology exists to mine uranium safely." It seems incredible that such technological strides could have been made in that brief period. Maps issued by the N.S. Department of Mines reveal that the locations of the lands to which the various companies engaged in uranium exploration have mining claims are in relatively close proximity to populated areas of the

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province, although comparatively few people are aware of this situation. Your article should help to arouse more public interest in this "glowing" question.

Ross Baker
Truro, N.S.

Facts on Lima out of date

I would be interested to know when Carl Boyd (*Secrets of the Incas*, Travel, October) made his trip to Lima, as many of the things he says are inaccurate. To begin with, Mrs. Beech, who ran a very good boarding house, retired to Florida seven or eight years ago. Even seven years ago, Lima had a tremendous number of very tall buildings, and today both Lima and its suburb Miraflores are a forest of skyscrapers. In general, the article has nothing to do with travel, but is merely the diary of an insensitive and very picky person who obviously could not get out of Peru fast enough. As for his currency problems, nobody in his right mind would expect to land in a foreign country on the weekend and find banking services, not even in Halifax. Every nit has known for years that the international currency in the Western Hemisphere is the U.S. dollar; one just does not go anywhere without a few notes in one's pocket.

Wm. Andrew Lindsay
Pictou, N.S.

Northport shocked and angry

The entire community of Northport, P.E.I., was taken aback with shock and anger upon reading *This Fisherman Is a Woman* by Rob Dykstra (Fisheries, October). Why wasn't an experienced fisherman interviewed? How could the so-called woman fisherman give such a low-down view of our prosperous community? To state that only three people were employed within a two-km distance is an outright insult. Why, within two minutes of her house there are 10 people employed year round. There are about 10 businesses located here. Her whole description of Northport is very wrong. And as for her fishing experience, well, that's something else again. Let her dream on. We certainly feel that an apology is due the people of Northport.

June Hamill and Raymond O'Meara
Community Improvement Assoc.
Northport, P.E.I.

More on Labrador's grass art

The only good thing about the article Amy Zierler did on grass work in Labrador was the photographs (*Tough and Timeless*, Art, October). Grass work in Labrador is not solely an Inuit art. It is an art of the people of Labrador, which includes Inuit. Zierler seems to be one of those romantics who look at Labrador and think "Inuit." Grass work is not restricted to the "north." Labrador covers an area of more than 112,000 square miles. Seven communities of this area are in the north. The finest grass worker on the coast, in my opinion, was Fanny Williams of West Bay, a community 40 miles north of Cartwright. The Moravians had very little influence on the

grass work. The Grenfell Association promoted and influenced grass work, operating mainly in southern and central Labrador. Zierler's article suggests that she is not even familiar with the geography of Labrador.

Doris Saunders, Editor
Them Days
Happy Valley-Goose Bay
Labrador

Notes about names

I was most pleased to see Alden Nowlan's article on my home town, Hartland, N.B. (*Hartland, N.B., Finds Its Future in the Flames*, Small Towns, October). It is true what he had to say about nicknames. I left Hartland in 1966

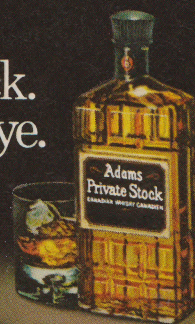
but when I return to visit my family, I'm still known as "Jini, Don's girl."

Janet Aiton
Boston, Mass.

In the article on rower Andrew Messer of Renforth, N.B. (Folks, August/September), the reporter left out a significant bit of information. The community of Renforth was named after one of England's greatest oarsmen, and it is a fine tribute to the late James Renforth that a young resident of his namesake community is not only a scholar but an outstanding and potentially an international sculler.

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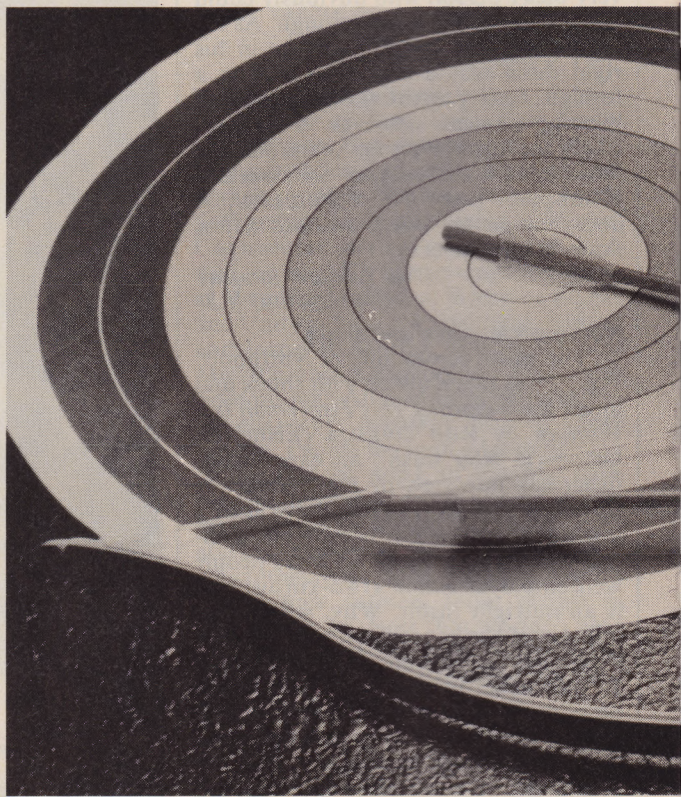
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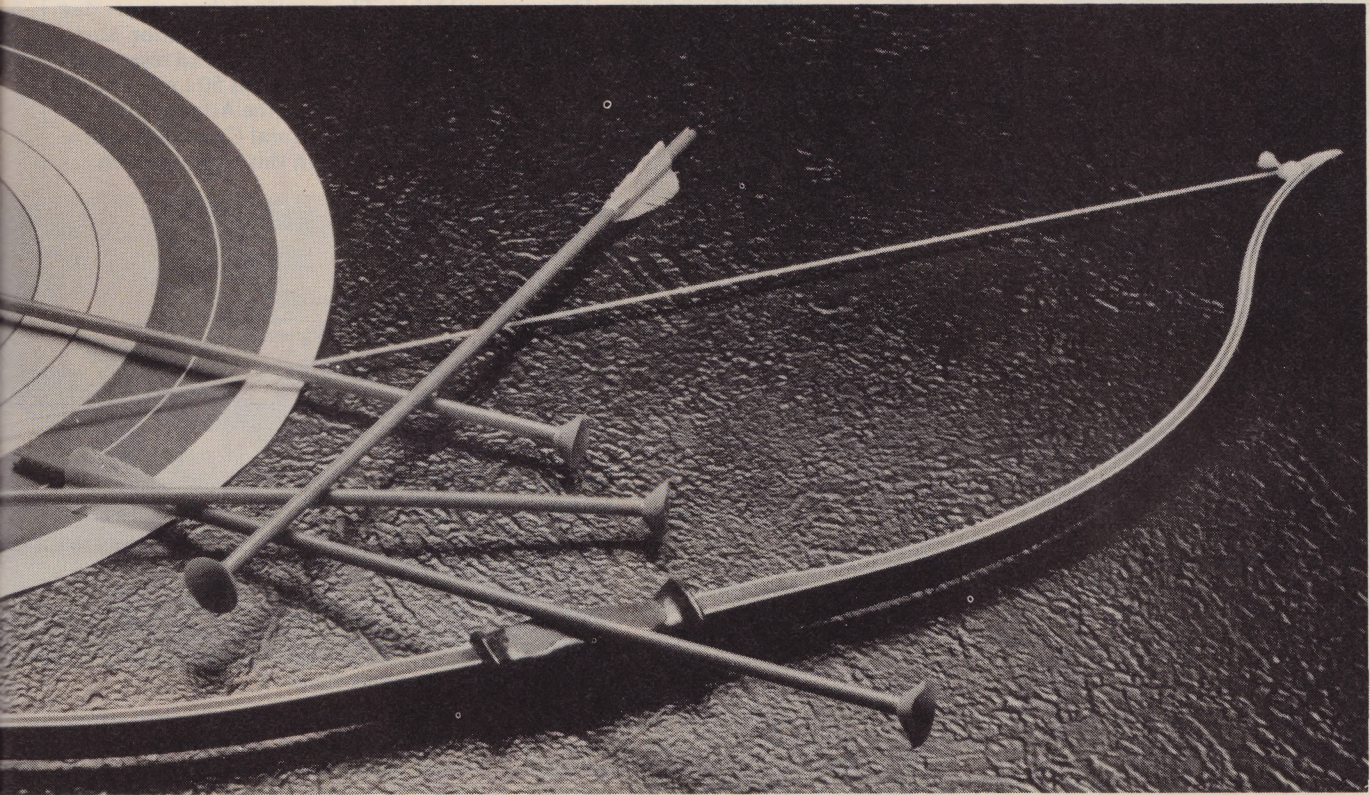


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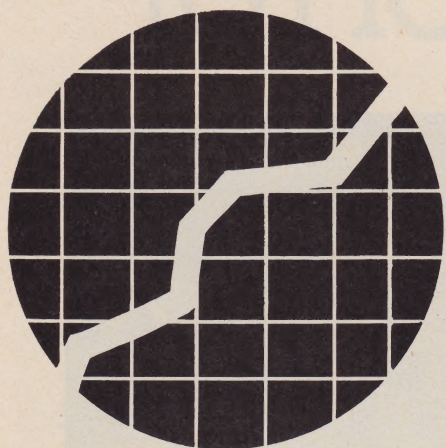
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THE REGION

The oil boom: Do we sincerely want to be rich?

Well, yes. Are we ready for it? That's another question

By Ralph Surette

In their pursuit of oil and gas wealth, Atlantic Canadians are like Big Joe Mufferaw who, in the song by Stompin' Tom Connors, "swam both ways to catch a cross-eyed bass." It's hard to figure out where we want to go or where our quarry is headed.

Do we want to get rich? Yes. Do we want some of the side effects of that wealth? No. Are we going to get rich? It depends on whom you listen to.

On one hand, there are extravagant claims of wealth to come: An oil boom, a shift of economic power eastward from central Canada, even our own heritage trust fund.

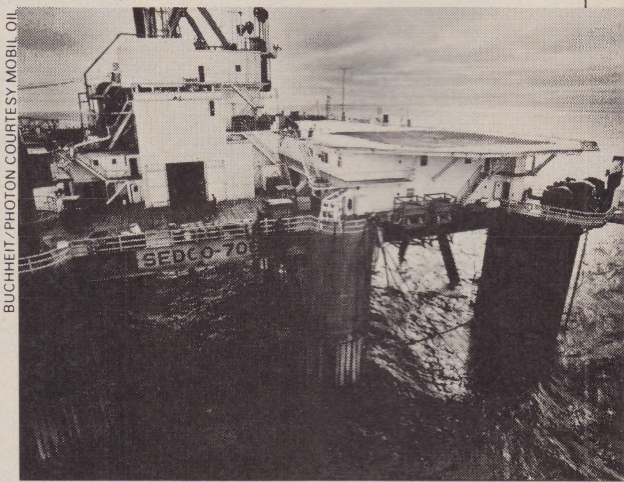
On the other hand, you'll hear that this, after all, is the land of wacky industrial schemes, tarnished dreams, wild hopes bloated and burst. The false oil strike off Sable Island in 1970. The 1850s strike south of Moncton. The 1896 Newfoundland gold rush—which didn't happen, but which the London *Spectator* had predicted would bring "an era of prosperity such as all the cod in the universe and a whole pyramid of lobster pots could never have secured."

And even if untold wealth is coming, do we unreservedly want it? Will Atlantic Canada's close and friendly social fabric, especially that of Newfoundland, be ripped to shreds? Sociologists zip back and forth to Stavanger and Aberdeen to measure the impact of North Sea oil. They conclude that increased crime, prostitution and other ills are possible on this side. Douglas House, a sociologist at Memorial University in St. John's, says that a kind of "unofficial apartheid" is possible in communities around St. John's if they're thrust too brusquely into the oil age: Outsiders, cut off and suspicious of insiders, the well-off divided from the less-well-off.

Both hopes and the fears are exaggerated. And, like the fishery or agriculture, the oil and gas business has become so complicated, few people can hope to grasp it all. Is there going to be oil and gas development? Yes. Hibernia is considered the largest oilfield in Canada, with estimated reserves of 1.85 billion barrels. Twenty-three miles from the Hibernia well, another structure has been penetrated. Good quality crude has

flowed at a high rate in tests. This is the Hebron structure, and it could be another oilfield.

At Sable Island, the reserve of natural gas is established at more than two trillion cubic feet. Three t.c.f. is considered necessary to justify a pipeline ashore and final testing is expected to yield that. The results of the tests are due this summer. On the Labrador shelf, there are enormous estimated reserves of natural gas—more than 50 t.c.f. The oil industry figures that the Atlantic offshore possesses 20% of total Canadian hydrocarbons, although this is not proven.



Oil rig: Jobs for Newfoundlanders

These findings have further stimulated exploration, especially on the Grand Bank and the Scotian Shelf. About 15 drilling rigs are expected to be busy offshore in 1982, with about two dozen oil companies involved in various consortia. In particular, the Venture find has revived drilling off Nova Scotia. More than \$200 million will be spent this year drilling in unprecedented depths where the continental shelf slopes down into the mid-ocean abyss. Questions still hang over the eventual development of Sable Island, but Hibernia is a certainty—something that will affect both Newfoundland and the Maritimes. So it will happen.

But when? The standard answer until recently was that oil and gas would be ashore in seven or eight years. Oilmen now are quietly adding a few years to that. It may be 10 to 15 years for Hibernia and Venture. It could be the turn of the century or after before Labrador gas is ashore.

Four main factors are delaying

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SEE PAGE 49

The Atlantic region is a diverse and dynamic one, with a rich history and a bright future. The region's location on the Atlantic coast makes it a major hub for trade and commerce, and its diverse economy offers a wide range of opportunities for growth and development.

The Atlantic region is a diverse and dynamic one, with a rich history and a bright future. The region's location on the Atlantic coast makes it a major hub for trade and commerce, and its diverse economy offers a wide range of opportunities for growth and development.

development. Three are political and the fourth is ice. Mobil Oil has been proceeding slowly on its Hibernia development plan until the federal-provincial jurisdictional impasse is broken. Until now, the company has had to deal with two bureaucracies with conflicting claims. Ottawa was negotiating with both Newfoundland and Nova Scotia last fall. At that time no agreement had been reached, but sharing the wealth appears less troublesome than the question of who controls the proposed joint administration boards for the offshore. Newfoundland believes that it must control the pace of development to avoid negative effects and extract the greatest benefits for the province.

The National Energy Policy (NEP) gives Petrocan an automatic 25% share in any offshore find, and gives exploration grants to Canadian companies that mean they can drill 3½ times cheaper than foreign ones. The multinationals warn that a poor investment climate will retard development—making it hard to obtain the \$6 billion or so Hibernia needs and the \$3 billion Venture needs. "It is essential that governments accept the fact that high-risk investments demand above-average rates of return," says R.J. Nicholl, planning manager for Mobil Oil. Federal Energy Minister Marc Lalonde's answer: "When did you last hear the oil companies say they had enough money?" And the oil companies are drilling offshore despite the NEP, because other prospects worldwide aren't that good. Many multinationals are rushing to make joint ventures with Canadian companies to qualify for the federal grants, which Ottawa sees as proof of the success of its policy.

The Ottawa-Alberta agreement is another kink. It set natural gas prices at two-thirds the equivalent price of home heating oil to encourage gas consumption. Mobil says it's not worth building a \$500-million pipeline ashore from Sable Island at those prices. It may not be worthwhile, anyway. North America is awash with natural gas. There are 10,000 wells capped in Alberta and new production waiting to come onstream elsewhere. There is a large question indeed hanging over Sable Island.

Aside from taxes and jurisdictional disputes, the biggest problem at Hibernia is ice. The field is in the middle of "iceberg alley." Mobil has two choices. It can build a \$1.1-billion stationary production platform and risk having a gigantic iceberg plow it away. Or it can design a new concept—a floating production unit that can be moved within hours, with a wellhead 25 feet under the ocean floor that can be quickly capped.

The iceberg phenomenon needs much study. Mobil now favors the floating production concept, and will reveal its decision when the development and environmental plans are unveiled. These plans will constitute the next major step for the east coast oil play. Originally, the plans were to be made public this

summer, but Mobil now is saying 1983, which could possibly mean later.

The development plan will either heal or rip open some old sores. The Newfoundland government wants 100,000 barrels a day of the Hibernia production refined at the mothballed Come By Chance refinery and wants the natural gas associated with the field (two t.c.f. of it) brought ashore by pipeline, rather than flared off. The intent is to create more jobs for Newfoundlanders.

Newfoundland's conditions for the environmental plan include a demand that Mobil pay for any damage to the fishery, a major concern. So far, Mobil has commissioned 100 environmental impact studies—on the marine environment, human society ashore, weather, ice. If more discoveries are made, environmental consulting will become a light industry on its own.

Oil and gas already have had an impact. "Now in town there's a place where you can buy bagels," says Mark Shrimpton, research director of planning for the City of St. John's. "There are more restaurants now, more range of choice. There are new hotels going up. One is aware of corner stores with outside papers. St. John's is becoming a more sophisticated city." But St. John's also has spiralling hotel and restaurant prices, speculation on housing, fights over zoning and the preservation of heritage areas.

Some of these pressures are visible in

Halifax, too, although it's hard to tell whether they're related to the anticipation of oil and gas. The number of people coming into St. John's annually because of oil and gas "is in the hundreds rather than the thousands," says Shrimpton—not as many as one might assume. The total number of jobs created directly by Hibernia to date is estimated at 1,500 to 3,300.

In St. John's, up to 200 new companies have incorporated over the past couple of years in anticipation of an oil boom. In Halifax, it's under 100. But there was a similar spate of incorporations after the false oil strike at Sable Island in 1970. Most of these companies merely reflect advance footwork in case the real action develops. A half-dozen applications by various interests to the government of Newfoundland to build service depots in communities outside St. John's fall into the same category.

What is real is that many Newfoundlanders are working on the rigs and in related fields. Some of them, having gained expertise, are being whisked off to other parts of the globe by their multinational employers. New provincial companies are sprouting, mostly as a result of joint ventures with outside firms. This may be partly a result of Newfoundland's tough and controversial laws requiring local labor and local firms to have preference in new job creation and new service demands. Outside companies, especially Calgary-based ones,

And what about the oil on shore?

Back in 1859, Pittsburgh entrepreneur H.C. Tweedal struck oil in the St. Joseph-Dover area of Westmorland County near Moncton. That same year, the first oil well in North America started production at Titusville, Pa. Tweedal decided that North America wasn't big enough for two oil wells, so he packed up his gear and left. His well never did go into production, and more drilling during the rest of the century in the same area proved unsatisfactory. But in 1908, the Stoney Creek field was discovered farther south in Albert County.

The field, now owned by Irving Oil, has produced roughly 800,000 barrels of oil (enough to keep Canada going about half a day at today's rates of consumption). In 1912-13, a natural gas pipeline was laid from the field to Hillsborough and Moncton.

With all eyes riveted on the offshore, the land mass of the Maritimes and its near-shore areas can be easily ignored. But they have long been considered prospective sources for oil and gas. Surface seepages of oil in Pictou and Inverness counties in Nova Scotia and south of Moncton have led to repeated drilling over the past 100 years. Exploration firms have drilled more than 250

holes in New Brunswick and about 50 in Nova Scotia—many only a few hundred feet deep. Now the search goes on, mostly by Irving Oil in partnership with Chevron Standard.

Chevron and Irving, and occasionally other partners, have done seismic work covering much of the "carboniferous" areas of the Maritimes. This includes all of P.E.I. and the Northumberland Strait, most of eastern Nova Scotia and east central New Brunswick. In New Brunswick, this area is associated with a huge oil shale structure—the Albert Formation—that the province wants developed. But that endeavor will depend on the price of oil being much higher than it is now. Chevron-Irving is evaluating the material from its seismic tests. The companies already have drilled holes in the Malagawatch area of Cape Breton (where a rumor of a strike was reported in the *Financial Post* last year).

Altogether, about a dozen companies are active on the mainland and near-shore areas, drilling, doing seismic work or evaluating it. Nobody has made a big find yet. But all this activity would surprise those pioneers who used that black muck seeping from the ground to oil their wagons.



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THE REGION

have been scouring St. John's for prospective partners, and 40 to 50 joint ventures have been formed. The best known is Crosbie Enterprises Ltd., which services Mobil's drilling rigs in partnership with a West German firm.

Nova Scotia has passed a similar law but has not proclaimed it. The province is hoping it won't have to. It's trying to convince the oil companies to favor local residents willingly and thereby avoid the entanglements brought about by restrictive legislation.

New Brunswick and P.E.I. also hope to benefit from offshore development. In New Brunswick, the Saint John shipyard already has the jump on its Halifax and St. John's counterparts with drillship contracts. The province also expects to gain from increased transportation activity. New Brunswick has about 50 companies gearing to participate in offshore-related development, while P.E.I. has a dozen or so, including the George-town shipyard.

Jack Armstrong, chairman of Imperial Oil, said recently that the oil companies would spend \$40 to \$50 billion in industrial purchases related to the east

coast over the next 20 years (the oil companies have spent about \$1 billion to date, drilling 150 wells). His list of requirements, several pages long, included such items as pumps, generators, environmental services and vending machines. Most of the huge amount, however, would be spent on heavy steel items—most of which probably would come from outside the region.

In a recent speech to the Dartmouth Chamber of Commerce, Armstrong warned: "Prosperity is not just around the corner."

But that's no tragedy. A slow and even pace of development might ensure that the region keeps the best and avoids the worst.

In their pilgrimages to the North Sea rim, the sociology professors found that the worst social problems occurred with fast oil development when governments weren't prepared. Sociologist Larry Felt of Memorial University says some communities have handled development very well. "Whether or not the social fabric is torn apart is within the potential of governments to control," he says. "But it also depends on how big the developments are."

St. John's vs. Halifax: Who'll boss the boom?

When St. John's held its municipal elections last fall, one of the issues was how the city could outdo Halifax in wooing business related to the oil industry. And during the campaign, there was even talk about Halifax "spies" snooping around St. John's. The election talk was a sign of the times. Despite disclaimers by reasonable people in both cities, Halifax and St. John's are in competition for the sometimes dubious blessings of the oil age. Suspensions, secret plans and don't-quote-me's are on the rise. Board of trade representatives from both cities are scurrying to Calgary, Houston and overseas—and keeping their missions mysterious.

Harold Giddens, leader of the Halifax forces, chuckles coyly: "No, I don't think they'd let me into St. John's these days." Giddens, an engineer and entrepreneur who's head of the Halifax Board of Trade's oil and gas committee, is trying to get oil companies to establish their east coast headquarters in Halifax. The secret, he says, is to make the companies—"corporate happy, day to day, month to month. Supply them with what they want when they want it." He adds: "I can't tell you any more because it might jeopardize what I'm doing."

Halifax boosters have been spreading the word that the city will become the "Calgary of the East" while St. John's

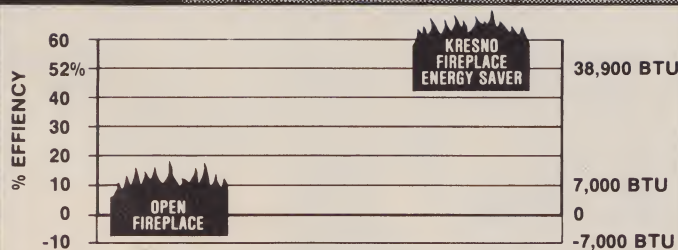
will become merely the Edmonton—Halifax will be white collar, St. John's, blue collar. Halifax, they say, has the advantage of being a mainland port, has better transport and communications links and (this is the touchy one) is a more attractive place for business executives to live.

St. John's justifiably bristles at the notion that Halifax is cultured while St. John's is in the boondocks. And St. John's promoters argue that Newfoundland has the oil, and the oilfields must be serviced from Newfoundland; oil centres such as Calgary, Houston and Aberdeen became decision centres for the oil industry on their own after oil was discovered there, so why not St. John's? Another theory is that the companies may not set up east coast headquarters at all, but continue to work out of Calgary and Houston.

People in both cities say they don't like this rivalry. "Some people are too busy moaning about what Halifax will take away to look squarely at the real advantages," say Mark Shrimpton, research director of planning for the City of St. John's. He expects there will be plenty of opportunities for both cities.

Harold Giddens agrees. He says he doesn't like the hints of bad feeling arising, either. But one-upmanship seems to have its own escalating logic.

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Buchanan's Tories gear up for '85

They tightened their hold on the province in last fall's election. But Premier John Buchanan wants to be around for a long time

Nova Scotia Premier John Buchanan can't trot out any of his trade's neat, sure-to-become-a-historical-footnote stories about his first intoxicating taste of politics. As a child, he says, politics didn't interest him. He can't even offer the standard explanation of burning ambition or some contentious issue to account for his adult decision to become a politician. "It just sort of happened, I guess," he says with a shrug.

But however unlikely a politician he may be, Buchanan is now settling in for what many believe will be a long run on Nova Scotia's political stage. If Buchanan—whose government was handily re-elected last fall—can maintain his apparently limitless enthusiasm for grassroots, press-the-flesh campaigning, and if Nova Scotia's offshore contains enough oil and gas—as Buchanan believes it does—to float the province to the promised land of prosperity, he could very well be premier for as long as he wants to be.

His personal political biography will never be the stuff of legend. Buchanan says he agreed to be a Tory candidate in the 1967 provincial election because "I was intrigued by the thought of running." Once elected, he planned to be an MLA for one term, "then go back to my law practice." He ran in 1970, however, because he'd been appointed Fisheries minister the year before "and I thought I should." When the Tory government was defeated, he again made plans to abandon the political ship, but changed his mind in 1971 when then party leader Ike Smith resigned. "I wanted to see what running for the leadership was like," he explains. "Well, of course, I won, and then there was no turning back."

"Buchanan may not seem like a politician at first," admits one former staffer, "but he is. And he's a lot smarter—and tougher—than people give him credit for." Rivals, who underestimated him in the past, regretted it. In 1971, Buchanan out-manoeuvred two more charismatic candidates (Gerald Doucet and Roland Thornhill) to win his party's leadership, then hung on to the job despite efforts to

unseat him after the party was badly beaten in the 1974 election. Today, says a cabinet minister, there is no question that Buchanan is "the boss. He's in charge of the cabinet, in charge of the party and in charge of the province."

Buchanan displayed his political survival instincts again during last fall's provincial election campaign. He avoided answering Liberal leader Sandy Cameron's charge that a re-elected Tory government would drastically increase provincial electric power rates, until many supporters worried that his silence was hurting the party's chances of re-election. Finally, at the beginning of a televised debate in the campaign's final week, Buchanan not only pledged not to increase power rates in 1981 or 1982 but also promised to limit future increases so Nova Scotians would pay no more than the national average for electricity. It was a brilliantly timed bit of fancy political footwork that left Cameron—who had planned to use the forum to continue hammering his attack on energy rates—floundering for something to say in reply. Buchanan smiles at the memory.

"There were a couple of hundred thousand people watching the debate so it was a perfect opportunity for us. Jesus, you could go to political meetings in every community in the province and say the same thing, but it wouldn't have the same impact."

On this crisp morning, seated behind his desk in his cavernous downtown Halifax office, Buchanan clips his fingernails as he muses on the election results. He wasn't surprised, he says, at either his victory or its wide margin. (The Tories won 37 of 59 seats.) "We expected to win," he explains nonchalantly, "because we'd honored the commitments we made in the last campaign."

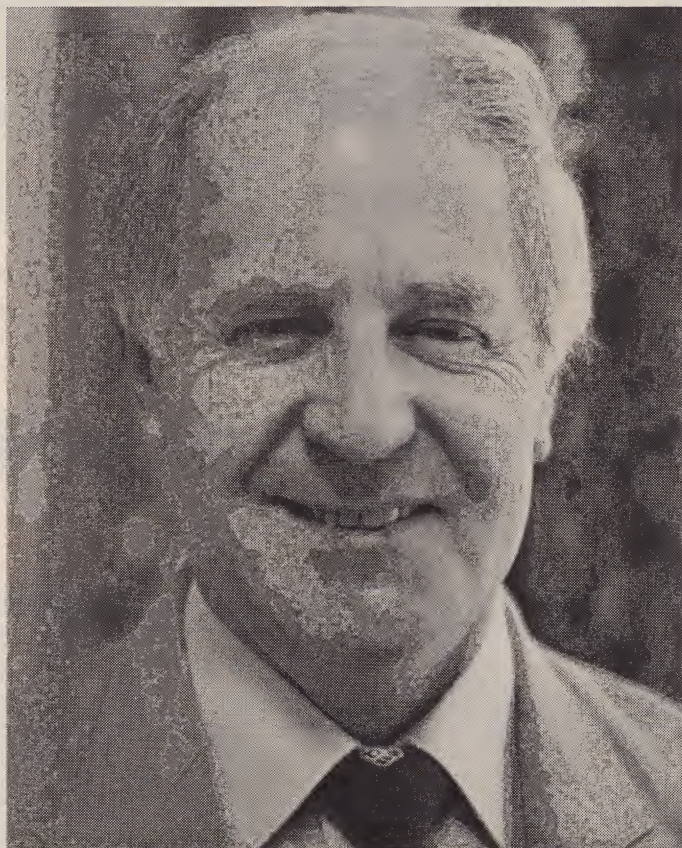
As he talks, Buchanan sounds less like a politician and more like the self-satisfied chairman of the board of a well-to-do corporation. The analogy is apt, suggests Reg Allen, a former Tory provincial campaign manager. During the Sixties, as credit manager for Imperial Oil, Allen had a number of business dealings with Buchanan, then a Spryfield lawyer and fledgling real estate developer. "I was always very impressed by his business acumen, his sense of judgment."

"Buchanan's strength isn't ideology," adds a Halifax Tory admirer. "It's that he's an exuberant, friendly fellow who enjoys meeting people and cares about them, and doesn't seem phony doing it. He remembers people's names and when he met them and the name of their brother or mother."

Will that be enough for Nova Scotia voters? "It depends," says one of Buchanan's advisers. "We have to keep our promises on power rates and we have to keep plugging away at energy self-sufficiency. If oil and gas come on, we're laughing. The next election is the one that will tell the tale."

John Buchanan is already planning for it. With the Liberals in disarray after winning their smallest ever percentage of the popular vote and the NDP still fragmented by internal bickering, Buchanan sees the next four years as an opportunity for the Tories to solidify their hold on the province. "We have an opportunity now to make some permanent gains," he says. "All we have to do is provide the right kind of government." Buchanan doesn't miss a beat. "We will," he says, "we will."

— Stephen Kimber



Buchanan: A lot smarter—and tougher—than people think

The wolf knocks at the door of N.B.'s sawmill industry

If people don't start building more houses, sawmill operators will be in real trouble this year. So will many rural communities

Build your house out of wood, the old nursery tale warns, and the wolf will come and blow it down. Rural New Brunswick, acting on the premise that people would always build houses from the most plentiful material around, built its economy on wood. Last year, people virtually stopped building houses. This year, rural New Brunswick finds the wolf at its door.

Trees are to New Brunswick what cars are to Detroit, the foundation of existence. The forest industry accounts for \$1 out of every \$2 generated by the economy. The province's 10 pulp mills, owned by large corporations and located mainly in urban centres, provide 8,000 jobs. The 150 sawmills, run mainly by small companies in rural communities, provide 6,000 jobs. Pulp mills are worth more than sawmills to New Brunswick in

Pinet says, "If the mill doesn't reopen in the spring, Baker Brook will be in trouble." Throughout New Brunswick, mill operators and mayors echo these sentiments.

Tony Rumbold, executive director of the Maritime Lumber Bureau in Amherst, N.S., which speaks for the Atlantic region sawmill industry, says New Brunswick's sales volume dropped by 25% in 1981 over 1980. And prices have plummeted. Wood that once sold for \$280 per 1,000 board feet sold in 1981 for as low as \$150, which, for most mills, does not cover costs. N.B. mills sell a third of their production in the U.S., a quarter overseas, and the rest locally or to neighboring provinces. Rumbold says for much of the year overseas sales carried the industry, but these markets soured in the fall. "We've never had a

will not survive. The others are medium-sized mills such as Couturier's or large mills, sometimes tied in with pulp mills. Rumbold says there is still some action in the home-renovations market, but renovations aren't going to sustain an entire industry.

The renovations market did sustain Myles Russell of Doaktown, president of Russell and Swim Ltd., through the fall. He sold white pine, an uncommon and expensive wood, for door trim and window sashes. Until this winter, the 60-year-old mill, which employs 70 in the plant and 70 in the woods, hadn't been down for nearly 20 years. Russell, the president of the Maritime Lumber Bureau, says price is as serious a problem as demand. "I have to receive at least \$240 for 1,000 board feet [of a standard size]. And I've not been getting it." The mill is the only industry in Doaktown, a village between Fredericton and Newcastle.

The sawmill difficulties couldn't have come at a worse time for the provincial government, which has worked for years on a sweeping new forest management and wood allotment strategy it plans to implement April 1. Under the program, the government is committed to sharply increasing royalty fees for wood cut on Crown land to make the price for this wood equal to market value. Crown wood, a major source of supply for the sawmills, has always been absurdly cheap, which enraged private woodlot owners because it undermined their prices.

The province's support for higher royalty fees springs only partly from a belated sense of concern for the private woodlot owners. The government developed the new program in response to forecasts that without intensive forest management, the province could run into wood shortages by century's end, thereby imperilling mills. Tony Rumbold says sawmill owners applaud management, but hopes the Crown wood fee increases will be phased in gradually. Myles Russell says a massive fee hike this spring would wipe out the very mills the government designed the program to save.

Rumbold says the industry won't fully recover unless interest rates come way down and stay down for an extended period. If that does not appear likely, he says, Ottawa should split off the mortgage rate and put a ceiling on it. A reasonable mortgage rate would spark construction of homes, which are badly needed, and provide jobs all the way down the line.

And under the right conditions, Rumbold says, this winter's bleak outlook for the wood industry could change quickly. "This industry has a great capacity to rebound," he says. "If conditions improve, it can bounce back in six weeks."

— Jon Everett



Couturier: No buyers for his five million board feet of lumber

dollar terms, but in terms of community life, the worth of healthy sawmills is inestimable. If the housing industry remains as depressed in 1982 as it was in 1981, the consequences for rural New Brunswick could be catastrophic.

Jacques Couturier, vice-president of the Raoul Couturier Lumber Co. of Baker Brook, shut his mill in October. He says he can't recall another time the 38-year-old mill has been closed for more than a few weeks. "We've got five million board feet in the yard," he says. "Normally we don't go through the winter with more than two million. There are no orders." The mill provides the livelihood of 300 employees, woodworkers and truckers in Baker Brook, a village of 500 situated 19 km west of Edmundston. Couturier says, "Things have never been this bad." Mayor Rosaire

situation quite like this," he says. "Before when we had one market that was bad, another was good. Now all markets are bad."

High interest rates, the root of the evil, squeeze mill operators two ways. Most operators have to borrow money to obtain and process the lumber. But they can't sell the product because developers are constrained from building houses. At the best of times, it takes months to process a log from forest to construction site; in these slow times, with 20%-plus interest rates, the mill operators are being chewed alive. Fully 93% of New Brunswick's sawmills process common softwoods—spruce, jack pine and fir—and 60% of their production goes for new homes. About 100 of New Brunswick's 150 sawmills are small mom-and-pop operations, and many of these

Can Jim Lee spark the Island's Tories?

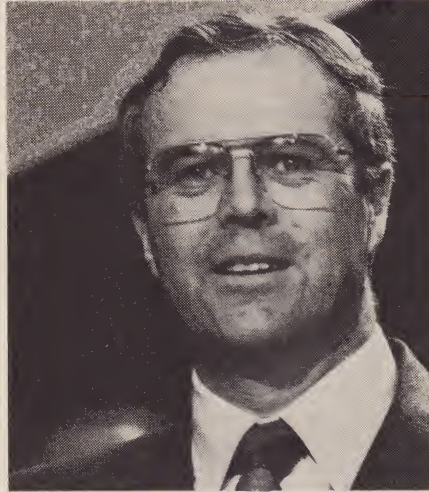
He's a new face as party leader, but so's the Liberals' Joe Ghiz. Looks like a long, hard tussle

It could be the longest election campaign in Prince Edward Island's history. Unofficially, it began last fall, when the Island's two main political parties hatched new leaders in the space of two weeks: Jim Lee, 44, who succeeded Tory premier Angus MacLean, and Joe Ghiz, 36, who took over the Liberal leadership. Ghiz immediately began calling for an early election on the grounds that the new premier assumed his job in mid-term; Lee insisted he wouldn't call an election before the spring of 1983. Faced with the feisty and energetic Ghiz, Lee may need all the time he can get to prove that the Tories can do more than waffle and stall.

The new premier concedes that the government's performance in the past 2½ years has been less than dynamic. "We've been stagnating in finding solutions," he says. And he was barely sworn in as premier when he began making tough noises about some of the province's most contentious issues.

He has promised that the cabinet will refuse to allow the Irving-owned Cavendish Farms to buy up 6,000 acres of Island land. "We will never again allow ourselves to become tenants in our own province," he says. He appointed a commission of inquiry into the finances of the privately owned Maritime Electric Co. Ltd. to find out, among other things, if the firm is justified in charging Islanders the highest electricity rates in Canada. He promised to reorganize and expand the Public Utilities Commission, which allowed several electricity rate increases in a row. He announced the cabinet would hold meetings in various parts of the Island to give Islanders a chance to bring their concerns directly to the government. He told Island fishermen the government would back them in attempts to get a better price from fish processors. And within two weeks of his election, there were widespread rumors of a major shuffle among senior civil servants, including some firings.

At the same time, though, Lee has said he'll carry out many of his predecessor's policies (he's also opposed to a highly industrialized Island "with smokestacks and pollution"), and his personal style is not far removed from that of the contemplative, pipe-



Lee: A solid, steady middle-roader

smoking MacLean. Political friends and foes alike describe Lee as mild-mannered, low-key, blessed with common sense—the kind of person who makes a good listener. "He's middle-of-the-road, solid and steady," says Liberal MLA Eddie Clark, one of the most outspoken opposition critics. "Jim is a grass-roots politician," says close friend John Robertson, a Summerside dentist who nominated Lee for the leadership. "He's a people-oriented type of leader, and he's willing to listen to people's problems."

As Health and Social Services minister, Lee encountered little criticism. The most controversial legislation he piloted through was an amendment to the Mental Health Act, which gave police the power

to take suspected abusers of alcohol or drugs from their homes and place them in treatment centres. But even that bill created little stir in the legislature, or in the Island media. Last year, the Liberals charged that Lee's department was dispensing patronage by directing welfare recipients to spend their cheques in certain stores. But that issue, too, fizzled out in the legislature.

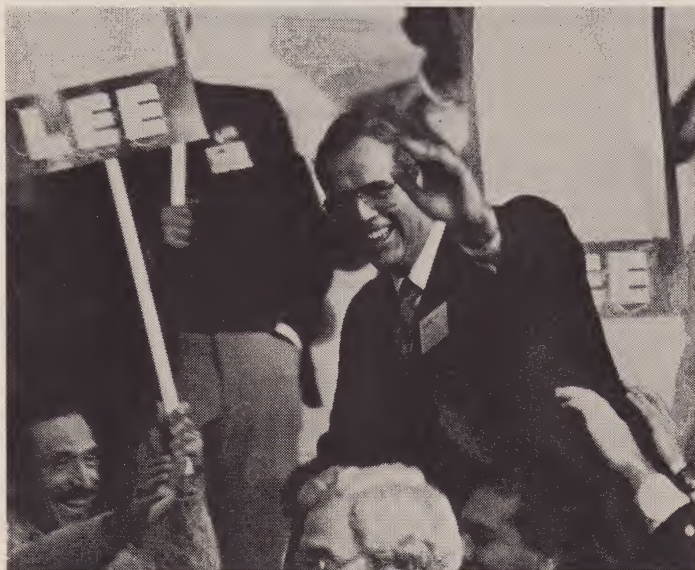
A former Health Department official says Lee is "not a man of great depth—but he is able to make decisions." Lee, the former official says, also has political savvy. "He has the ability to put his finger on the pulse of an issue, see the vested interests and decide what decision is needed to get the best political advantage."

Lee's political training started early. The son of a Charlottetown plumber, he joined the Young Progressive Conservatives at age 18, became known as an effective backroom organizer and later served as the party's provincial director. In the 1975 provincial election, he ran unsuccessfully in the suburban Charlottetown riding of Fifth Queens, but a year later, he took the seat in a byelection. Against considerable odds—the seat was strongly Liberal and Protestant; Lee is Catholic—he won a large majority. He was re-elected in 1978 and again in 1979, when the Tories ended 13 years of Liberal rule.

Lee ran against Angus MacLean in the 1976 Conservative leadership convention. Now he says he's glad he lost. The party was in disarray, in need of money, recruits and rebuilding. The Tories held only six of the 32 legislature seats and had been in opposition so long, they'd lost the taste of power. What was needed then, Lee says, was a politician more wise and weathered than he. "I feel much more confident in handling the job now," he says.

His most formidable challenge in the months to come may be handling debates with Joe Ghiz, a fox terrier of a man, who seized on a highly controversial election issue last fall: Nuclear power. Ghiz is saying the Island should buy power from New Brunswick's Point Lepreau nuclear plant; the Tories have been adamantly opposed to Lepreau power as a solution to the Island's devastating energy costs.

For Jim Lee, and for Island voters, it looks like a long, hot year. — Rob Dykstra



The campaign may not be official, but it's under way

Trouble in the Crosbie empire

While closures and bankruptcies plague some of his companies, Andrew Crosbie pins his hopes on what's offshore

Time was when Andrew Crosbie, one of the richest and busiest businessmen in Newfoundland, answered his own phone, even if it was only to tell an inquiring reporter, "No comment." But for the past six months the head of St. John's-based Crosbie Enterprises has played the elusive butterfly. The reason: The once-proud Crosbie empire—two dozen companies spanning real estate, newspapers, fish packing, insurance, construction and trucking, to name a few—seems to be crumbling.

A decade ago, Crosbie was on the brink of major expansion. Today his realm is shrinking. A run of trouble which has folded several companies is now almost a year old, but the crucial blow came in late November when one of the brightest jewels in the Crosbie crown, Newfoundland Engineering and Construction Co. (NECCO), went into receivership. NECCO had been a Crosbie company since 1951 when Andrew's father, Chesley Crosbie, was laying the foundations of the empire, and the company fattened on such major government projects as Confederation Building and the St. John's Arts and Culture Centre. Andrew returned from a two-month European vacation the night the bad news broke.

Lack of work was not NECCO's immediate problem. The company had recently won a Newfoundland government contract to build a \$10-million hospital at Port aux Basques, but lost the job because it couldn't come up with the required performance bond. At the time it went into receivership, NECCO was working on the downtown St. John's Toronto-Dominion Building project. If NECCO closes permanently, several hundred construction workers and about 20 administrative personnel will have to find jobs elsewhere. "No one wants to see this happen," a Newfoundland Public Works official says. "The health of the construction industry depends on competition. That's how the customer gets the best price. It's sad."

A year ago, NECCO's failure to raise a \$900,000 performance bond would have been unthinkable. But a measly \$175,000 fuel bill pushed another Crosbie company, Chimo Shipping, into bankruptcy last August. Two weeks earlier a Montreal shipyard, Versatile Vickers, had a lien placed on Chimo's container ship *A.C. Crosbie* as she lay tied up on the south side of St. John's harbor. Vickers claimed it was still owed \$1.5 million for refitting the ship in 1980.

Before Chimo Shipping foundered, Crosbie Enterprises' heavy equipment and office supplies division went out of business. Crosbie said at the time that soaring interest rates made him close Domac Enterprises. It was too costly to hold on to inventories. (Domac's was a voluntary liquidation, which means it wound up without owing any money, but Terra Jet, a Quebec all-terrain-vehicle manufacturer, has sued Crosbie Enterprises for nearly \$14,000 which Terra Jet claims Domac still owed it.)

There were rumors of trouble within the Crosbie conglomerate last spring when Avalon Lounge, which operated three of the largest beer parlors in St. John's, was placed in receivership. Avalon was not technically a link in the



Crosbie's once-powerful realm is shrinking

Crosbie corporate chain, but Andrew Crosbie personally held 20% of its shares and he was president of the company. By June Avalon was bankrupt, overcome by debts of \$1.3 million, including \$360,000 in back rent owing to, interestingly enough, Crosbie Enterprises which, as whole or part owner of two shopping malls in St. John's, was one of Avalon's landlords. Occasionally a story gets distorted, like the one which had a St. John's shopping mall, half owned by Crosbie Enterprises, being sold. In fact the mortgage holders, Great West Life Investments of Winnipeg, had brought in their own management, but there was no change in ownership. Gossip about what might happen to Crosbie's Atlantic Place, the nine-storey office-retail complex on Water Street in the capital,

continued unabated into winter. So far there is no hard evidence the Bank of Commerce (which is thought to hold a sizable mortgage on the property) is taking any steps to change its management or ownership.

Bankruptcies and closures aren't the whole story. Crosbie has also been divesting himself of some of his interests. In October, Crosbie Enterprises got rid of *The Daily News*, the St. John's morning newspaper it had owned for 12 years. Senior management, already shareholders in the paper, took over the operation for an undisclosed amount. And Crosbie has sold a large parcel of land north of St. John's—where a housing development was planned—for nearly \$5 million. Meanwhile, Gander businessman Harry Steele's Newfoundland Capital Corporation picked up Newfoundland Steamships, formerly operated as a joint venture by Clarke Shipping's holding company and Chimo. Newfoundland Capital is now parent company of Eastern Provincial Airways, in which Andrew Crosbie used to hold controlling interest. Crosbie sold off that interest in two large chunks in the 1970s, as Crosbie Enterprises planned its expansion into the offshore petroleum support field.

Crosbie Offshore Services is the new glamor company in the Crosbie network, and if there's anything to cheer Andrew Crosbie this winter, it could be Crosbie Offshore. Owned just over 50% by Crosbie Enterprises and the rest by Australian emigrant businessman Richard Spellacy, Crosbie Offshore supplies material and catering services to offshore drilling rigs. Despite the plodding pace of Newfoundland offshore development, Spellacy estimates Crosbie Offshore's business—\$29 million in sales in 1980, he says—will double by 1983 and quadruple by 1985. Crosbie Enterprises' much-vaunted joint ventures—one as part of the DAC Group with Canada's Davie Shipbuilding and Norway's Aker Engineering, and another with the West German Offshore Shipping Association (OSA)—may be less active than their participants had hoped, but they could still take off if east coast offshore development does. All these activities, however, demand enormous capital investment: DAC, for example, hopes to build offshore platforms at Mortier Bay on the south coast of Newfoundland.

Andrew Crosbie's grandfather, Sir John Crosbie, made a comfortable fortune in fish and marine insurance, but the 1929 crash caught him napping. Andrew's father, Ches, was equally adept at making millions and losing them, but made more than he lost. Now 48-year-old Andrew is striving to salvage something from the ruins of major segments of the empire. For Crosbie it is the severest test of his 15-year business career.

— Randy Joyce

Ladies and gentlemen...



Anne Murray



Late last year, Nova Scotia's most famous expatriate came back to tape her first U.S. television special on home ground—and to talk about her success. The good news? It feels real good

Interview by Harris Sullivan

If you knew Anne Murray back in the late Sixties and haven't seen her for some time, the first thing you might notice about her today is her walk. Back in the old days, when Anne was singing in such places as the Grand Hotel in Yarmouth and the Monterey Lounge in Halifax and living in a modest little apartment in south end Halifax, she always complained about the way she walked, especially onstage.

"I walk like a truck driver," she'd say. And she did. But when she arrived at a crowded news conference in a make-shift press room in the legislature building in Halifax in November, she walked to the front of the room with a fluid, almost sexy grace. She'd been practising.

Of course, there've been other, more profound changes in Anne Murray's life since the days when this girl from Spring-

hill, N.S., sang barefoot in Maritime bars. She's no longer, as she once was, tense and self-conscious onstage. She's no longer struggling unsuccessfully, as she did in the early Seventies, to find an audience somewhere between country music and middle-of-the-road pop. Today her performances are firmly focused on anyone who likes soft ballads delivered in a distinctive, smoky contralto that is one of the best pure voices in pop music.

And she's rich and famous. She's a worldwide star who's sold 11 million records and performed in places she'd only dreamed about as a promising young singer—the Grand Ole Opry, Carnegie Hall, Las Vegas.

Anne Murray was in Nova Scotia in November to tape her first U.S. network television special, an hour-long CBS Christmas show. Suntanned Los Angeles

Taping for CBS: Men of the Deep (above) and coastline starred

television crews and singer-songwriter-film actor Kris Kristofferson joined her and an army of local performers at Nova Scotia locations for a show that gave prime-time TV exposure to Anne and her native province.

It was a family affair, as well. Twenty-four of her relatives were with her at Keltic Lodge in Cape Breton as part of the show, and for Anne, having her five brothers, their wives and children and her mother along made the tedious work of television easier. "It was great," she said. "It's the first time we had all been together for seven years. I'll tell you, they had a first-hand look at how difficult television is. Now they know I earn my money."

Television is nothing new for Anne. She's performed on several Canadian specials and, rare for most singers, started her career on television. Most singers start out in bars and concert halls. Anne was a regular on a national television

show out of Halifax, *Singalong Jubilee*, while still in her teens and says now, "What a luxury; there I was singing on national television as a part-time summer job."

In addition to giving her national exposure, *Singalong* led to meeting Bill Langstroth, who was host and performer on the program. They were married in 1975 after Langstroth had gone through long divorce proceedings that forced the couple to keep their romance secret. They now have two children, William, 5, and Dawn, 2½, and live in a 13-room home in suburban Toronto.

Anne's career is hot. Her manager Len Rambeau, a native of Smelt Brook, N.S., who has been with her since she moved to Toronto in 1971, estimates

close to eight million of her 11 million record sales came since 1978, when she released her most successful recording, "You Needed Me" (1.2 million sales in the U.S. alone).

Anne had badly needed a hit single to revive a career that was sputtering in the mid-Seventies. "You Needed Me" quickly rose to number one on the American music tabulation charts. Like her first big hit 10 years earlier, "Snowbird," the song is perfectly suited to Anne's husky voice, which seems to take on sensuous new textures with each year. Although the "pipes" were always good, there was a mechanical detachment to some of her early work that is fast disappearing. Her melancholy reading of "You Needed Me" lifts the song to heights it may not

have reached with another singer and earned her a "Grammy" in 1979 as best female pop performer, the highest award you can win in her business.

During her Halifax visit, Anne set aside an hour for an interview with *Atlantic Insight*. She still had the girl-next-door look of the early days—an image she once tried to squelch. She wore pink corduroy slacks, pink ankle socks, grey loafers and a white-and-pink blouse, and the hairdresser hadn't yet fixed up her blonde hair. The only indication of her 36 years were hints of lines around her eyes. The natural warmth and honesty were still there. And, for the record, in the privacy of her hotel suite, the truck driver walk was, too.

Insight: Are you getting tired of that girl-next-door image? I noticed you flinched every time you were introduced as "Canada's Sweetheart" the other night.

Murray: Yeah, I know. It sounds so namby-pamby when it's said out loud. On the other hand, that's the way people see me and why fight it? That's the way I am. I mean, all I can sell is myself. I've been selling myself for years, and there were times when people told me it wasn't going to work. They were looking for gimmicks all the time, trying to get me to appeal to a more hippy-dippy audience.

get where I am. I haven't closed doors behind me. I've never had to fire anybody. I still can't speak to today and be friendly. And that's important to me. I think my audience feels that.

Insight: Sounds as if you have no real regrets about the direction you've taken.

Murray: That's true. I'd hate to be 50 years old and singing rock and roll. I could have easily been a rock and roll singer. That was my first love, rock and roll. But I think down deep I wanted to still be singing and performing when I was 50 and I couldn't if I were a rock

Insight: Do you worry when you're on-stage that there might be some nut there in the audience?

Murray: Yes, I think about it. It's only a flash, though. Actually, I don't even like talking about it.

Insight: OK, let's talk about your singing. It seems to get better as you get older. Do you think so?

Murray: Yes, no doubt about it. They say—whoever they are—that your voice peaks somewhere in your 40s, so maybe I'll get even better. Have you heard Peggy Lee on that beer TV commercial? She's got to be 60 and she still has that great voice.

Insight: Your material also seems to be more consistent.

Murray: That's true. You're at the mercy of people providing the songs. When you're not hot, you don't get the same choice. I felt lost there for a while without a lot of good material. Then along came "You Needed Me." I was fortunate to get it.

Insight: You're at your best with that song. I can't imagine anyone else singing it as well.

Murray: It's a combination, I think, of the song and my voice—it's magical and perfect for me. Even now when I sing it, it's as if I wrote it. It's as if it were a part of me. You only get songs like that maybe two or three times in your lifetime, I'm sure. Funny, soon as you get a song like that, everything comes your way. I'm getting all kinds of material now.

Insight: Your material, though, often sounds too similar. Some people call it bland—some of it.

Murray: I hear that all the time. A lot of that has to do with my voice, the kind of sound I have. I can't change that. And I get a lot of ballads because that's what I do best. I'd like to do more uptempo material, but I don't hear much decent uptempo stuff. Anyway, if you get something good going, why change it? We're in the business to appeal to as many people as we can. If you have a momentum going and it's going with ballads, why would you stop? That's stupid, to me.

Insight: Give them what they want to



PHOTOS BY DAVID NICHOLS

With husband Bill Langstroth

Let's face it, I'm not going to appeal to another audience because of my image. And there's no way around it because that image is really me.

Insight: No flaws?

Murray: Sure. I'm lazy and I'm a procrastinator. If it were up to me I would work three or four months a year.

Insight: That's it?

Murray: People are always looking for an angle on me, trying to find something wrong. The thing is, I'm a nice person. I've never had to step over anybody to

singer. By the way, I think Mick Jagger is looking pretty silly these days. What is he, 40?

Insight: Speaking of Jagger, the word is that he's become extremely paranoid since the shooting of John Lennon. He's constantly worried that he'll be next. Do you have those fears?

Murray: Yes. It's frightening. I'm the kind of person who trusts everybody, but I've been bothered ever since Lennon was shot. But you can't dwell on those things. I don't like the idea of bodyguards, but sometimes it's necessary.

COVER STORY

hear. Not very daring, some people might say.

Murray: Listen, over the years I've acquired a feeling for what people want to hear and I know what I like. Put all those together and—well, God, you can't argue with success.

Insight: *There are different levels of success, though. Some critics say that by pandering to one narrow style of music, you're not stretching your talent.*

Murray: Well, it's easy for them to say. I appeal to a certain section of the public and I'm not about to turn them off.

Insight: *Then you're not about to become a hot jazz singer in the next few months?*

Murray: But I am going to do an album of oldies, some Thirties and Forties songs. I think my voice is a natural for that kind of thing.

Insight: *What about movies?*

Murray: Burt Reynolds has been trying to get me in movies. I was supposed to read for a part in *The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas*. I went to Los Angeles for a meeting with the people making the movie. They were keen. But it turned out the movie was too long, so they cut out the part I was supposed to do.

Insight: *What a start—cut out of a movie before they even started shooting!*

Murray: You know, I felt a feeling of relief. I've just got to a point where I have a good balance between career and family, and it scared me to death that I would have to make a choice, the kind of choice that making that movie would have forced on me—you know, on location for two or three months, away from them. I'm glad I didn't have to make that decision.

Insight: *Don't tell me a Springhill girl, as big a star as you are, wouldn't jump at the right movie with the right script? Everybody wants to be in movies.*

Murray: Frankly, being in movies, as such, doesn't intrigue me. You know what intrigues me—I think the more things you do, the more rounded you become as a performer and as a person, and movies would give me that extra dimension. If you think about it, everybody who has made it enormously in my business has done movies.

Insight: *What about theatre?*

Murray: That doesn't appeal to me, at least not now. I really like the idea of being in control, and I don't think of being in control in theatre.

Insight: *Back in the old days, you always said if it came down to family or show business, you'd choose family. You have your own children now. Are you satisfied that you're pulling off that dual role—mother and artist?*

Murray: Well, I've certainly cut down my touring schedule since I've had the children. I only do about 100 dates a year. I don't feel my children have suffered. But you never know until they grow up. They don't seem to be bothered when I go away. They know I have to go to work,

and I make sure they do all the things kids should do—piano lessons, skating lessons, friends. Anyway, I now believe it's good for kids to be independent. I was shy as a child, and it was painful. My kids won't go through that. I'll tell you, though, I fought myself on that whole question of my career and my children. The guilt is so strong. I always thought I'd be a housewife and mother and nothing else, that I'd be with my kids all the time. It's not happening that way. You can only hope you're doing the right thing.

Insight: *Would you encourage them to get into the music business?*

Murray: I'll encourage them to do anything. William already has a set of drums. [Pauses] To answer your question honestly, I would hate to see them go in the music business. It's tough.



A little tougher, not so vulnerable

Insight: *Sounds as if you regret it.*

Murray: No, it's just I wish the tough times hadn't happened between 1970 and 1975. They were miserable. Not only that, Bill and I had to keep a low profile because his divorce had not been finalized. It was just a miserable time, not only for my career but personally as well. Funny, though, as soon as my personal life came together, my career took off. It was like a burden had been lifted, not having to hide anymore, being able to talk about our relationship openly. Then we got married, had a baby and everything turned around.

Insight: *Are there aspects of being a star that you don't like?*

Murray: Yeah, you get disappointed in some of the people you meet. Most people in show business are "on" all the time. You talk to them and they look through you. There's a wall and they're behind it in their own little world. There are exceptions. Perry Como, for example. He was one of my heroes when I was a kid and he was so nice when I met him. Kris Kristofferson is like that. You feel as if you're talking to human beings when you talk with them. Believe me,

that's rare in this business. I'll give you another example. Barbra Streisand was backstage at the first Grammy awards I went to. Everybody was there, big stars, and everybody talked to each other. There was this nice camaraderie. But not with Streisand. She was surrounded by security people and there was no way you could go up and talk with her. I mean, she's a peer of mine and I'd like to have been able to go up and tell her how much I've admired her. No way. So I just said to myself, give me a break, yuk. I wouldn't want to get like that.

Insight: *There's another downer about being a star—the lack of privacy. I hear, for example, that somebody came up to you at your father's funeral and tried to pitch a song to you.*

Murray: I was so angry. If Bill had been there he would have hit the guy. It was awful. Fortunately, the number of people who do that kind of thing is small.

Insight: *What are you doing with all your money?*

Murray: A lot of it is invested in property in Florida and here [Peggy's Cove, Pugwash, N.S.] and a lot is in annuities and blue chip stocks—pretty safe things, just like me. [Laughs]

Insight: *How much are you worth these days?*

Murray: I don't really know, I've never asked. I know I could stop work tomorrow and never have to worry.

Insight: *Can you single out the one most satisfying event that has happened to you in your career?*

Murray: I think, sitting in a chair, eight months pregnant at home in Toronto, watching the Grammys on TV and hearing that I'd won top female pop vocalist of the year in the category with Streisand, Donna Summer, Carly Simon and Olivia Newton-John. That did it. It was like a dream. I couldn't believe it because I honestly didn't think I'd win. That was pretty good company. The other thing that comes to mind was hearing my voice with strings for the first time back on the *Snowbird* album. That was spine-tingling. As a young singer, I never thought I'd hear my voice with strings.

Insight: *Have you changed much over the years, after all that you've accomplished?*

Murray: The only way I've changed is I'm a little tougher about the way I do things professionally. I insist on having things done a certain way because I've learned the right way to do things. And I'm not nearly as vulnerable as I used to be. Then again, none of us are.

Insight: *The best is still to come?*

Murray: Yeah. You have to feel that way. Every time I've turned around there's something new. I sing in Nashville at the Grand Ole Opry, Radio City Music Hall in New York, then Las Vegas—three totally different scenes. Then there's TV and concerts. It never stops. ☑



Captain Morgan White.

COOL, CLEAR, REFRESHING TASTE.



FOLKS



BARRETT/PHOTON

Noble: A national tour as Joey

It's no good to be shy if you're going to play me," Joseph R. Smallwood advised actor **Kevin Noble** before the opening of Rising Tide Theatre's show about Newfoundland's first premier. A collective creation by the cast, director Donna Butt and Toronto playwright Rick Salutin, *Joey* played to sold-out houses across the island last fall. This month it begins a three-week run in Toronto. Butt also plans a national tour in the fall, and the CBC may mount a national television production. Noble has been acting since high school, first in amateur theatre and later, after two years of theatre school in Montreal, professionally. Most of that has been in Newfoundland, where he's probably best known as taxidriver Dolph in CBC's *Up at Ours* series. But work hasn't been steady and giving up the acting career "is always a couple of steps away," he says. Born in the first year of the Smallwood government, Noble spent his childhood between Nippers Harbour and St. John's. "It's like I was playing my brother," he says. "Joey has been in the limelight as long as I've been alive." Noble's portrayal—part caricature, part tribute—won Smallwood's approval. While he criticized the show for taking liberties with history, the former premier praised the production and even lent Noble his own homburg hat (an essential prop) for the provincial tour.

Being leader of the New Democratic Party in Newfoundland isn't everything to **Peter Fenwick**. The 37-year-old professor of political science and economics at Bay St. George Community College in Stephenville also has a budding greenhouse business and a large family to look after. Fenwick, his wife and six kids live in Cape St. George at the tip of the Port au Port Peninsula, one of two French-speaking settlements left on the island. It's also an agricultural area, and the Fenwick farm boasts a 5,000-square-

foot, semi-solar commercial greenhouse for tomatoes and bedding plants. Although Fenwick's official biography pegs him as a native of Ontario ("I told the party executive it would be a major liability, but I cannot apologize for where I was born"), he's been in Newfoundland since 1968. Unhappy at his job with IBM, he decided to try for work in Newfoundland and got involved with the NDP a few years ago, running in the 1979 provincial general election for nearby St. Barbe district. He lost, but impressed the party by getting 800 votes (the winner got 1,900) after a lean, nine-day, \$200 campaign in a district where he was "virtually unknown." Without a salary to offer or any members in the House of Assembly, the provincial NDP had some trouble finding a replacement for Fouse Faour, the former MP who recently resigned the provincial leadership to go back to his Corner Brook law practice. Fenwick admits he was approached several times before he said yes, but now that he's got the volunteer position, his "absolute priority" is to get some NDP members elected.

Harold Currie, 52, of Dartmouth, N.S., owns so many cars, he could drive a different model every day of the week. And these are very special cars. Currie, who repairs ships' propellers for a living, has had a passion for antique cars since he was a boy in Owen Sound, Ont. He bought his first—a 1931 Model A Ford—21 years ago for \$40. Now he owns three Model A Fords, one Model T Ford, one Willys Knight sedan and two Buicks. Currie's wife, Patricia, drives her 1952 Buick as a personal car, and he's restoring a 1947 Buick for a 1985 cross-Canada antique car tour. But the Curries' sporty 1930 Ford cabriolet (similar to a coupe with a folding top), the pride of

the fleet, goes only to the odd car show. The Curries bought the cabriolet in 1970. "The fenders were off," Currie says, "and the body was sagging. It was a basket case." He worked on it for three years, building a new wooden frame and installing a new engine. One of Currie's biggest problems as a collector is storage space. His dream is to one day store and display his cars in a museum. For now, the Model A coupe and the 1952 Buick take up the Curries' driveway; the other cars are stored in two rented garages and a trailer. And acquiring antique cars—and buying parts—is getting expensive. But Currie says: "It's the only hobby I know of where you can get your money back any time you want to."

When Sarah and Ray Glover sold their thriving costume sales-and-rentals business in Santa Barbara, Calif., to retire in tiny Bear River, N.S., three years ago, they planned to take it easy. It hasn't quite worked out that way. First, word got around that Sarah, 59, was a skilled costume maker, a trade she picked up during the 30 years she and Ray, 62, danced in professional folk troupes. Soon there were requests from throughout Nova Scotia for Halloween outfits, orders for community festival mascots, calls for animal costumes for television commercials. Then the Glovers decided to set up a museum, attached to their rambling house near Digby, to display the 500 ethnic costumes they've collected over the years. Sarah's favorites include a century-old Chinese turquoise satin gown (worn with eight-inch-high stilt shoes) and colorful Balkan outfits that resemble those the Glovers wore as dancers. The museum is open to the public June 15 to Oct. 1 (other times by appointment). The rest of the year, Sarah's busy at her old trade. "It's a full-time job," she says.

DAVID NICHOLS



Currie: A passion for antique cars

Sometimes when **Patricia Jenkins** is sitting in the living room of her Gagetown, N.B., home with her cat dozing on another chair, she hears footsteps coming down the hall. She and the cat look up, but no one ever enters. But Jenkins says an invisible "presence" walks across the room, followed every step by the watchful eyes of the cat. Jenkins, a weaver in her 70s who usually lives alone in her 171-year-old house, believes her guest is the spirit of the young Johnson woman who died upstairs in childbirth in the early 19th century. Jenkins, who is best known as the designer of the New Brunswick tartan, says she's never been frightened by the strange goings-on, but some visitors will not sleep without a light on. When Jenkins first moved into the house in the 1940s, she and the ghost had a sharp disagreement over where to hang an oil painting. Jenkins placed it over the living-room mantel. "The next morning it was sitting on the mantel against the wall—the wire was still on the picture and the hook was firmly in place against the wall." Jenkins put it back up. "And the next day, the same thing, it was down." She hung it on another wall, and found it on a table. She tried two different places upstairs, but that didn't work either. Finally, she hung it in the dining room. That seemed to please the ghost. The painting is still there.

GORD JOHNSTON



Tingley: "My boss was a carpenter"

What's a Catholic priest doing in the woods wearing steel-toed workboots and hardhat, and barking orders at fallers and skidder operators? "It's nothing unusual," jokes **Rev. Gerald Tingley**, parish priest at St. Alexis Church in Rollo Bay, P.E.I. "After all, my boss was a carpenter." Father Tingley, 43, is a founder of Eastern Kings Forestry Products Ltd., which, with the help of government funds, last summer opened the Island's first hardwood sawmill

near Souris. "What we were looking for was some sort of community development thing that would give this area a hold on the future," says Tingley, who acted as liaison between local mill organizers and government officials. "We decided on a marriage of the resources of the forest and the unemployed." He's now vice-chairman of the company's community-based board of directors, chief public relations man and, if needed, adviser and troubleshooter. The lumbering priest comes by his love for the woods honestly. He grew up in northern New Brunswick, where his father started a sawmill at age 18. Tingley says some of his parishioners find his double role "very confusing." But being cloistered away from working people "is just not my bag," he says. "I tend to be a down-to-earth person."

Students at Charlottetown's Atlantic Police Academy call classmate **John Reynolds** "Superdad" and come to him for advice and help with their studies. Small wonder. Reynolds, the father of three daughters, is, at 40, twice the age of most police cadets. He also has a law degree, a PhD in entomology and plant genetics, has done post-doctoral work at Ohio State University in acarology (the study of mites and ticks), has taught communications, meteorology and taxonomy at the University of New Brunswick and has published about 40 research papers and six books on communications and the environment. Now he wants to be a policeman. "Police work is just specialized work in law," he says. "Investigative work will not be too different from scientific research." Reynolds became interested in police work after his first year at UNB, when he worked with the Fredericton, N.B., police department for the summer. "I enjoyed that work with the police department more than any other work I have done," he says. When he finished his law degree, he got a full-time job with the Fredericton department and enrolled in the police academy for basic police training. When he graduates this spring, he'll perform the duties of a constable for at least two years. Eventually he hopes to work on specialized crime, act as legal counsel or liaison between the courts and the department or become a police training instructor. "Criminals are getting smarter all the time," he says. "There'll be a need for smarter police officers." And, while there may be a surplus of university professors, police work offers a secure job future. "There will never be a shortage of crime." ☒

AL CORRETT



Mattson: Having fun in the slow lane

While he was living in Ontario, New Brunswick country singer **Larry Mattson**'s career seemed headed for the top: In 1979, he had a national hit song, "Queen of the Ball," and *RPM* magazine named him Canada's most promising country male vocalist of the year. Then he decided to take a detour. "I found the pace of life up there was a little too fast," he says, "and I wanted to do something a little different." Now Mattson, 45, is back in St. Stephen, N.B., with his three-piece band, Easy Country, performing live country shows in schools, halls and

arenas in small communities of southwestern New Brunswick. But he's also trying to nurture a home-grown recording and producing industry in the Maritimes. A recent single, "Your Memory Lingers," was widely played on Maritime country stations in the fall. Mattson recorded the song on his family-owned record label and distributed it to radio stations himself. And after a year of performing in gymnasiums and Legion halls, he's happy to be building up a strong following among the Maritimes' legions of country fans. "I'm doing what I've always wanted to do and having fun doing it," he says.



Who's winning the war over chemical spraying?

Not the environmentalists. In Nova Scotia, dozens of herbicide and pesticide spray programs continue almost unnoticed. There's more to come

By Parker Donham

Until recently, environmentalists appeared to have the upper hand in the bitter debate over chemical spraying in Nova Scotia. The province has refused to allow chemical spraying against the spruce budworm. A court injunction barred Nova Scotia Forest Industries (NSFI) from using herbicide to kill unwanted hardwoods in a forest plot near Big Pond, Cape Breton County. After public protests, the same company voluntarily withdrew proposals for similar herbicide spray programs at Keppoch Mountain and Lochaber Lake in Antigonish County. And local opposition forced cancellation of roadside weed spraying in Annapolis, Cumberland, and Halifax counties.

But if anti-spray forces have won most of the battles, they appear to be losing the war. Without public notice or debate, Nova Scotia has embarked on a forest management program that will see

many thousands of forested acres sprayed annually with herbicides.

Few issues muster such bitter opposition from such a broad spectrum of the public—people united only by their belief that pesticides endanger health and defile the environment. Yet the civil servants who advise cabinet ministers on such matters present an equally determined but opposite view: They regard chemical spraying as an indispensable tool to protect jobs in several key industries. They dismiss purported health risks as largely imaginary.

Neither side lacks ammunition. More than 40,000 scientific papers have been published on 2,4-D alone. Pesticide advocates and opponents alike can produce mountains of documents supporting their claims. Writing in a recent issue of the Nova Scotia Medical Society *Bulletin*, Dr. William Thurlow, a Digby surgeon known for his outspoken opposition to pesticides, cites numerous studies to back his contention that 2,4-D and re-

If farmland is sprayed, why not forests?

lated herbicides can cause cancer, birth defects, and genetic mutation.

At the same time, Donald Palfrey, Nova Scotia's chief weed control inspector, reports that in 32 years of working with 2,4-D, "I know of not one instance

DAVID MUJR



Bailey: A firm advocate of spraying

when this product was documented as causing an adverse effect to humans, animals or the environment when properly used." Not infrequently, the pesticide debate breaks new ground in Orwellian rhetoric. "These chemical herbicides do not poison the vegetation," declares a power corporation brochure explaining its power line spray program. "They simply override the normal hormone mechanism and cause the vegetation to die."

It all sounds reminiscent of the budworm debate, when fear of the children's disease, Reye's syndrome, played a major role in public policy.

The granddaddy of all Canadian spraying debates was the controversy in Cape Breton in the mid-Seventies over whether to mount an aerial assault on the island's severe spruce budworm infestation. Industry officials predicted economic disaster without spraying. At one point, NSFI flew in the president of its Swedish parent firm to declare that the company might have to close its Port Hawkesbury mill if the Regan government didn't permit spraying. But an informal newspaper poll ran 11 to one against spraying, and Vince MacLean, then Lands and Forests minister and an astute reader of public opinion, engineered a cabinet decision against spraying.

Ironically, the widespread forest damage resulting from that decision is cited by Lands and Forests Department officials as a key reason for spraying with herbicides today. In using herbicides, they say, pulp companies are simply implementing forest management—a strategy budworm spray opponents urged them to take five years ago.

Ed Bailey, director of reforestation and silviculture, is the department's firmest advocate of spraying. Over the next 10 years, he says, the annual allowable cut in Nova Scotia's seven eastern counties could fall from the present 700,000 cords to 250,000 cords—less than half what NSFI needs. The only way to avoid such a disastrous shortage is to shorten the period between harvests. Left untended, a cut-over section of Nova Scotia forest takes 70 years to produce trees large enough to cut again. But with the intensive silviculture advocated by Bailey, that period can be shortened to less than 40 years, and the yield can be increased from the current average of 23 cords per acre to more than 30 cords per acre.

In areas where natural regeneration is slow, silviculture means preparing the ground with heavy machinery to crush slash left from the previous cut, and then planting 1,200 softwood seedlings per acre—preferably species like red and black spruce, pine and larch, which are more resistant to insect attack than the white spruce and balsam fir that now dominate eastern Nova Scotia forests. Current plans call for replanting roughly one-third of the 70,000 acres cut each



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year in Nova Scotia. That's where herbicides come in.

In many plantations, softwood seedlings are rapidly overtaken by unwanted hardwoods and shrubs—raspberries, pin cherries and birch. When such species don't actually choke out the newly planted seedlings, they provide cover for rabbits, which eat them. To control that competition, Bailey wants to allow pulp companies to spray plantations with chemical weed killers like 2,4-D and 2,4,5-T. Bailey says only 50% to 75% of new softwood plantations—12,000 to 18,000 acres per year—will require herbicides because competition is fierce only where soils are rich. But he adds that several thousand more acres, where natural regeneration has produced a mixed stand of hardwood and softwood, should be sprayed to eliminate the hardwood.

"Despite the widespread belief that all forms of spraying are banned in Nova Scotia, dozens of non-forest spray programs continue almost unnoticed"

Bailey has the ear of senior department officials, including deputy minister Don Eldridge, the former head of a forest industry association who was hired by the Tories shortly after they came to power in 1978.

The department's wildlife division, however, does not share Bailey's enthusiasm for herbicides. "In too many cases," says Dave Harris, a biologist with the department's Sydney office, "that's the only alternative being considered—site prepare, plant, herbicide. [Bailey is] chewing up good, on-the-ground softwood regeneration and planting the species he wants to plant." Fred Payne, the department's waterfowl biologist, worries that a chemical assault on hardwoods will reduce the habitat for hardwood-dependent mammals and birds. "It's kind of contradictory," he says. "One of the policies states that we're going to try to maintain this 30% hardwood component, and the other says that we're going to plant softwoods and eliminate hardwoods."



DAVID MUIR

Scott's MacGregor: Their failure to get spray permit was "a political decision"

Such fears were fuelled recently by a confidential NSFI policy paper proclaiming the company's intention to use clear cutting, planting and herbicides to create large, single-age stands of pure softwoods. "If they could completely eliminate hardwoods," complained one dismayed wildlife official, "I think they would try. If they achieved that objective, they would eliminate deer, ruffed grouse, any of the hardwood related species."

Although opponents of chemical spraying constitute a large minority of the department's staff, many are reluctant to discuss the issue openly. They've been chastened by the experience of Bob Bancroft, a biologist in the department's Antigonish office known for his vociferous anti-spraying views. Bancroft's

troubles began last spring, when he was singled out for public attack by Kingsley Brown, a former journalist and sometime film-maker who's done public relations work for the pulp industry. The dissident biologist's popularity with senior department officials slumped further when he made some unguarded comments to a forest ecology class, only to have the same group put Lands and Forests Minister George Henley on the hot seat a few days later. Department sources say Bancroft was summoned twice before deputy minister Eldridge and once before Henley himself to account for his failure to toe the line. Bancroft declined to be interviewed for this article, saying, "It would appear that I am not allowed to admit that there are two sides to this chemical issue."

Whatever one's views on the spraying issue, it's hard to argue with the forest industry's contention that Nova Scotia pulp companies have been singled out for political sacrifice to the anti-spray movement. Despite the widespread belief that all forms of spraying are banned in Nova Scotia, dozens of non-forest spray programs continue almost unnoticed. Last year, the Nova Scotia Power Corporation sprayed 2,4-D to control brush along 4,100 acres of power line rights-of-way. The Department of Agriculture sprayed 700 miles of roadside in 13 counties to prevent noxious weeds from spreading onto agricultural land. (The department advertised the proposed spray routes, offering individual property owners a chance to seek exemption. Local protests led to cancellation of the program in three counties.) A private firm, Maritime Aerial Spraying, got permission to spray a long list of pesticides over 20,000 acres in 1980, and an undisclosed acreage in 1981. Several firms received permits to spray large acreages of blueberry fields.

The fact that pesticide spraying is permitted on food crops but forbidden or limited in forestry is especially irksome to pulp producers. "The area that we want to cover with a herbicide spray program doesn't even approach the acreage that's done for agriculture," says Jack Dunlop, assistant woodlands manager for the Bowater Mersey Paper Co. in Liverpool. "That's the inconsistency that I can't comprehend."

Pulp companies in the other Atlantic provinces encounter no such inconsistency. In New Brunswick, the Department of Natural Resources and the Irving Paper Co. annually spray a total of 30,000 acres with 2,4-D and its more controversial cousin, 2,4,5-T, to suppress hardwood competition in new plantations. Three other forest companies spray an additional 2,000 acres or so. In Prince Edward Island, herbicides were used for the first time in forestry last summer, when 350 to 400 acres of softwood plantations were sprayed. P.E.I.'s planting program is expected to increase six-fold over the next few years, so herbicide use could increase accordingly. Newfoundland's harsher climate makes hardwood competition less of a problem, although the province did spray a few-acre test plot in 1981. As the province's tree planting program gears up to a goal of 16 million seedlings by 1984, requests for herbicide spray permits are expected.

If spray opponents are tempted to congratulate themselves on keeping Nova Scotia forests herbicide-free in the face of this trend, it's only because they don't realize what their own province is doing. Bowater Mersey sprayed 355 acres in 1980, another 2,500 acres in 1981. Although it backed off from proposed sprays in several areas, NSFI sprayed nearly 1,500 acres at Trafalgar, where trees have been planted on the site of an old forest fire. Even the Department of Lands and Forests sprayed several



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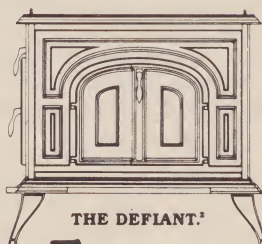
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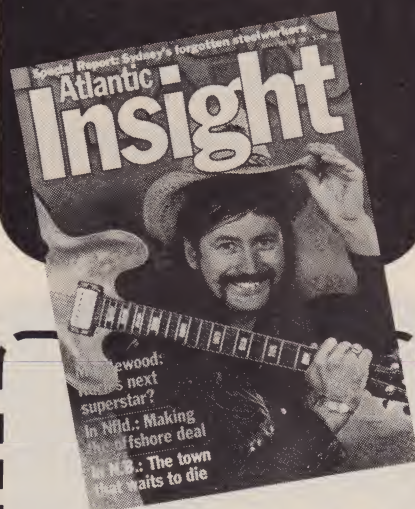


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SPECIAL REPORT



Surgeon Thurlow says sprays cause cancer, birth defects, genetic mutation

hundred acres of its own plantations.

Precise acreage figures are hard to come by, because the Department of Environment, which must approve all pesticide spraying in Nova Scotia, is reluctant to discuss the issue. It took ministerial intervention to obtain a list of spray permits approved in the last two years, and even then, environmental development chief Don Waugh, the official in charge of issuing spray permits, professed not to know the acreages involved. (Acreage figures used in this article were obtained from independent sources.)

Both Waugh and Environment Minister R. Fisher Hudson refuse to discuss—or even admit the existence of—applications not yet approved. In practice, this means the public can't make its views known until the minister has decided to approve an application. Waugh says it might be unwieldy to permit public participation in the deci-

sion-making process. He notes that British Columbia spent more than \$1 million in 1980—\$20,000 per hearing—fielding public objections to proposed pesticide spraying programs. Hudson would like to require a pesticide user to notify the public as soon as it applied for a spray permit, but he admits his officials aren't enthusiastic about the idea. "The argument that I'm given is, 'Oh my God, every permit that comes up you're going to have a row on your hands.'"

In reviewing spray proposals, the Environment Department takes a narrow view of its own role. It makes no independent effort to judge the safety of controversial spray chemicals, relying completely on reviews by Agriculture Canada. To do otherwise would be too enormous a task for a small province, Waugh says. Nor is there any effort to determine whether non-chemical methods might be better. "If that's what the proponent wants to do and it's

CHERYL LEAN

registered for that purpose by Agriculture Canada," Hudson says, "then we do not question it."

Despite this seemingly easygoing policy, pulp companies complain that herbicide spray permits in their industry are a hit-or-miss affair, subject to inexplicable delays. The most extreme example involved the Scott Paper Co., whose forestry practices are praised by Lands and Forests Department officials as the most environmentally conscious in the province. Last May, Scott applied for permission to spray about 1,000 acres at various sites throughout mainland Nova Scotia. By late August, the permit still awaited Hudson's signature, so Scott officials decided to proceed without permission. The company sprayed about 500 acres at Stewart Hill, Brookfield, Trafalgar and Upper Stewiacke. "It was a matter of losing the plantations altogether or saving them, and we just got tired of the runaround," says Sandy MacGregor, head of Scott's forestry department. "We had approval from the technical people. It was just simply a political decision not to give us permission."

Asked about the incident, Hudson said he had heard "rumors that are being investigated at the moment that one particular company did do that." If the rumors are verified, Hudson said, the company will be charged under the Environmental Protection Act. (The act carries a maximum fine of \$5,000 a day for a first offence.) Hudson made the comment nearly three months after Scott carried out the unauthorized spray. But Scott forester Barry Yuill says Department of Environment inspectors watched the spraying take place. "The very first day we started, they were there," Yuill says. "They were watching us from a higher point with binoculars." Various Scott officials freely admit the company had sprayed without a permit. All say the company has—as one put it—"never heard a peep" from Environment officials.

Scott's open defiance of the Environment Department illustrates the pulp and paper industry's growing frustration with a policy they consider inconsistent and discriminatory. Bob Murray, Scott's woodlands manager, says: "There should be one policy that applies all over the province, that if you comply with the regulations, you can go ahead and do it."

Before any such policy is struck, Nova Scotia seems certain to undergo another round in the bitter controversy over the safety of chemical herbicides.

And even on the insecticide spraying front, spray opponents are bracing for renewed battle. Recently, Bowater Mersey president Robert Weary asked the province to allow use of chemical insecticides to combat spruce budworm.

"Forget this herbicide thing," one nervous Lands and Forests staffer says. "There's a big push on for insecticide spraying on the mainland."



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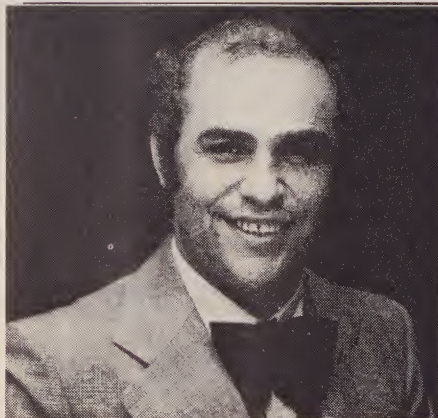
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Once more down the political yellow brick road

Giles Walker made it big with a film on K.C. Irving. Now he turns his camera on the fake wizardry of New Brunswick politics

Giles Walker, the best-known filmmaker from New Brunswick since Louis B. Mayer, will have a cast of thousands in his next movie. That doesn't mean that the introspective National Film Board director from St. Andrews is trying to follow the gilded footsteps of the late MGM czar from Saint John. Unlike Mayer, Walker, 35, is long on social conscience and short on cash. But his new full-length feature film—about 100 minutes—will contain some characters that may remind audiences of the straw man and fake wizard in Mayer's famous *Wizard of Oz*. Walker's film will be a fictional account of politicians and politics "as they once were" during the Fifties and Sixties in New Brunswick. The supporting cast will be ordinary voters, being led over the rainbow in a provincial election campaign.

The new film is the latest in what Walker hopes will be a long series about life in New Brunswick. In 1980, he won an Oscar nomination for *Bravery in the Field*, a half-hour drama about young Saint John punks who beat up a shabby drunk who'd been a war hero. Last year, he pulled off another coup when he managed to persuade the publicity-shy K.C. Irving to talk freely about his life in a one-hour documentary called *I Like to See Wheels Turn*. When CBC television broadcast the film last October, about 300,000 New Brunswick viewers—the equivalent of the province's entire anglophone population—watched it.

The six-foot-one, blue-eyed Walker, who looks more like a movie star than movie-maker, fell in love with his present career at the University of New Bruns-

wick. He was a psychology student who had flunked out of engineering after four years at McGill University in Montreal and had worked in England for a year designing air-conditioning systems. At UNB, he enrolled in an eight-week non-credit course given by the NFB on how films could be used to effect social change. Walker had found his calling. He earned a bachelor of arts degree at UNB, and a master's at Stanford University film school in Palo Alto, Calif., and joined the NFB in 1973. After making several films, he tackled the apparently insoluble problem that had barred the way for years to a film about the 82-year-old K.C. Irving: How to gain the co-operation of K.C. and his three sons, Jim, Arthur and Jack.

"I'm from New Brunswick and I guess they figured if anyone could gain access, I could," Walker says. "There must have been 50 attempts to make this film, to gain access to the Irvings. It's not good enough to hide in the parking lot to get them running from their office to the car." He began by contacting Jim. Later, he got K.C.'s phone number in Bermuda. K.C. was polite, as always. He said no, as always. Then came a lucky break, the kind that happens in the movies.

Walker, who lives in Montreal with his wife and baby daughter, flew to Saint John one afternoon en route to see his parents in St. Andrews. While in the city, he decided to visit the Golden Ball Building, Irving headquarters. "I walked in the back door, and I was just sort of orienting myself, trying to figure out which office to go in when, lo and behold, he walked in. So I went up to



JAMES WILSON

Walker: Directing a cast of thousands

him and introduced myself." K.C. took Walker to his office. Walker recalls sitting there "stupefied" while K.C. regaled him with stories of his early days. Eventually, Walker says, "we got around to talking film. He said he was very flattered, but not interested."

After more letters and calls, Walker met with Arthur, who set up a critical meeting with his father and brothers. Walker felt like a novice at an oriental ritual. "There's nothing K.C. likes to do more than negotiate. He's brilliant at it. It's an extraordinary phenomenon to witness. He wants to understand what's happening, what the other person wants to do. And things tend to go in circles. You go through a list of things you're trying to get a decision on. After two hours suddenly you find yourself—just at the time you think you should be going to lunch—back at the beginning of the list as though nothing had happened, as though you had never discussed it, almost. The thing that becomes horrifying about his procedure, even in a physical way, is that you realize the man has no breaking point. It's not that he's trying to push you to your breaking point, it's simply that he's so absorbed, so involved in what he's doing, you literally think it's going to go on forever."

Walker scoffs at suggestions he glossed over the Irvings' shortcomings in return for their co-operation. "I told them in advance that the film would present a balanced picture, and it did," he says.

Walker plans to start filming his next project in New Brunswick in August. That means he'll be putting his favorite spare-time activity on hold this summer. Like another famous New Brunswick-born film industry personality, Donald Sutherland, Walker has a passion for attending Expos baseball games.

As consolation, though, he's hoping for a \$3-million budget from the NFB and private sources. If Louis B. Mayer were making movies today, he'd consider that small potatoes. But for Giles Walker, whose version of the MGM lot is the province of New Brunswick, it represents a tenfold leap forward. — Jon Everett

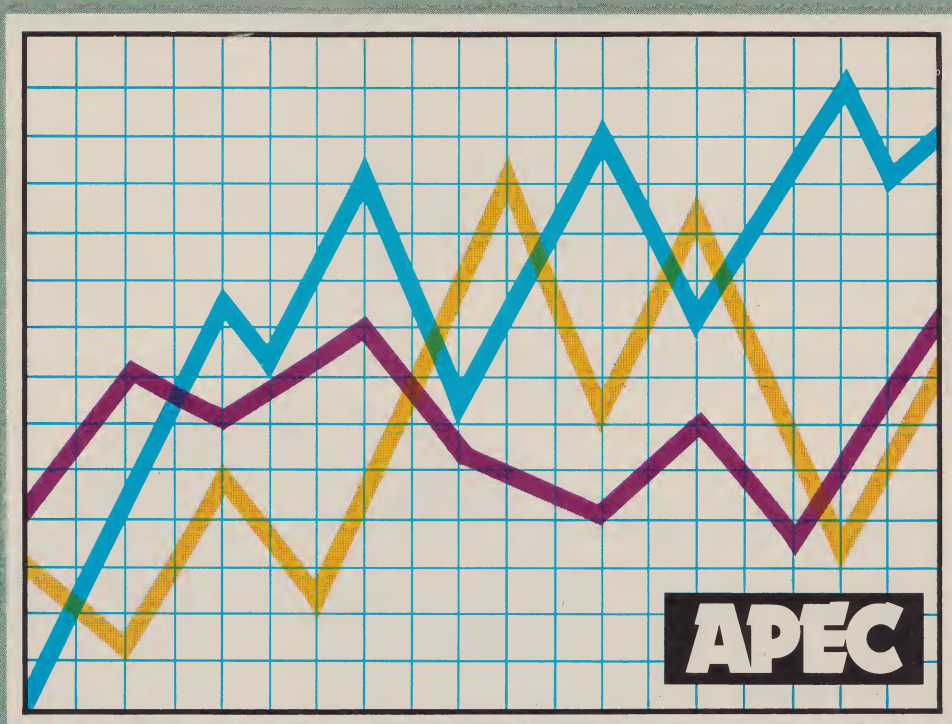


K.C. Irving and Walker: After 50 attempts, a film at last

**SPECIAL
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Atlantic Perspective

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Atlantic economy in 1981 and
economic forecast for the
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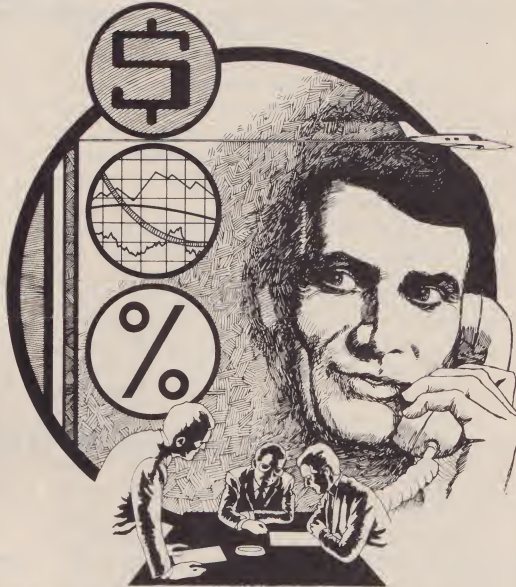
Expectations for the 1980s in Atlantic Canada were full of optimism. The four provincial economies performed well in 1979. With the discovery of oil off the east coast, the prevailing mood was that the dawn of the decade heralded an era of unparalleled growth. The decade was envisaged as rushing in like the proverbial March lion full of new development and riches in the region. The reality emerging as we approach the third year of the decade is that the March lion is turning out to be a lamb. In this review APEC considers firstly the performance of the provincial economies in 1981 and, secondly, the individual sectors that make up the regional economy in more detail. Finally, the future is addressed—what 1982 and beyond might bring.

Economic forecasting is a notoriously hazardous occupation. Random and unforeseen events in the global scene can profoundly alter the weight and direction of predicted impacts. The information in this review was submitted for publication on November 20 last and is, to the best of our knowledge, accurate up to that date. The forecasts of the course of the provincial economies to the end of 1981 and for 1982 have been carefully weighed and discussed in light of information of that date.

The optimism entering the 1980s is still justified. The major developments regarded as the spark that would ignite a period of strong growth are still there. The expectations on the timing, however, were off and we must shift our focus accordingly. Economic conditions on the national and international scene have intervened to slow the rate of development in Atlantic Canada. The U.S. and Canadian economies have entered a period of recession that has virtually stalled all growth in the country. Policies, such as high interest rates in Canada and the U.S., have curbed new

investments and consequently delayed the start of many of the major projects which were key to fulfilling the promise of the decade. Therefore, while we are on the threshold of major development projects, the broader economic conditions are postponing the expected take-off.

The traditional Atlantic resource industries (fishing, forestry, agriculture, and mining), coupled with service industries (supporting tourism and the growing population) and manufacturing (slowly beginning to replace many



of the region's imports), will continue to grow and contribute to the provincial economies. In New Brunswick one can count expansion of the Saint John Drydock, establishment of a high-technology manufacturing plant by Mitel and the opening of a major potash mine as among the significant contributions to growth. Farm production expansion and diversification, and a new convention centre will fuel the growth of the P.E.I. economy. Nova Scotia can look to expansion of the coal industry and

coal-fired electrical generating stations, and expansions to their ship-building industry as just some of the major contributions to growth. Expansion of oil industry operations in Newfoundland and development of its major hydroelectric projects will help carry its economy forward through the decade. Without belabouring the point, the decade ahead holds opportunities for real growth in all four Atlantic provinces.

The expected growth will not be instantaneous. Rather, it will be a slow process extending over a period of time. Economic disparity between this region and the rest of the country will continue for some years. But the developments envisaged for this decade and the next will make a significant contribution to the elimination of regional inequalities.

While it is disappointing that the developments for the 1980s haven't materialized in quite the fashion anticipated, the slow start has some positive benefits. It will allow the Atlantic community to plan better, and to position themselves to capture the widest range of benefits from development. It will allow Atlantic businesses to assess their positions fully and to chart their courses. It will allow governments and educational institutions the opportunity to establish the training programs necessary to ensure the maximum participation of the region's labour force. It will provide the lead time to develop the appropriate industrial and social infrastructure within the region. As general economic conditions improve, the current delay in the major projects will give way to a period of strong economic growth.

Therefore, while the short-term outlook is less than bright, when the longer-term outlook is considered, it is clear why the Atlantic Perspective is one of optimism. ■

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How the provinces rank in 1981.



There are a number of ways to compare the performance of the four provincial economies. We have chosen four indicators that allow us to take the economic pulse of the provinces. These are the gross provincial product, change in employment, retail sales, and the consumer price index.

The most common basis for comparison is the gross provincial product of each province. This is essentially a measure of the total value of output of the individual provinces adjusted for the effects of inflation. An amount greater than zero indicates an expansion in the value of output or simply the growth rate of the economy. A value less than zero indicates that the value of the provinces' output is less than it was a year previously. The chart ranks the expected performance of each provincial economy.

All the figures are below the growth forecasts for 1981 and reflect both the downturn in the national economy as well as events in each province. Newfoundland will register the highest growth for 1981 but will be below the forecast level of 3 to 4 per cent. The difficulties in the fishery, coupled with a slower pace of development related to offshore oil served to reduce growth in 1981. Likewise, growth in Nova Scotia is less than expected. Once more, problems in the fishery and little appreciable increase in manufacturing activity balanced against a high inflation rate reduce the estimate of provincial growth from the expected level of over 3 per cent. New Brunswick's projected growth was affected by a slowdown in the forest industry, for both pulp and paper and the lumber trade. Therefore, the N.B. growth is not expected to live up to the original estimates of a 2 per cent in real terms. Despite a reasonably good year for agriculture, the disappointing performance of the construction sector, again balanced against a high inflation rate, indicates that the P.E.I. economy will exhibit no real growth in 1981.

1981 % Change in Real Gross Provincial Product

Newfoundland	2.0
Nova Scotia	1.5
New Brunswick	1.0
Prince Edward Island	0.0
Canada	2.0

Another broad indicator of economic performance is employment, the rate at which new jobs are created in the economy. The chart compares the growth of employment in the region,

again projected by APEC to the year-end.

New Brunswick is expected to lead the region in growth of employment, at a little less than the predicted national average. Newfoundland had a strong first half-year but employment has dropped as a result of the prolonged fish plant shutdowns. The P.E.I. labour scene is anticipated to remain static for the year. Nova Scotia will register a modest increase in employment.

1981 % Change in Employment

New Brunswick	2.4
Newfoundland	2.2
Nova Scotia	1.2
Prince Edward Island	0.0
Canada	2.7

When adjusted for the impact of inflation, retail sales show no real growth in any part of the Atlantic region for 1981. On the national scene, however, there is expected to be a modest 2 per cent growth. The charts also rank the provinces in the consumer price index which is the widely accepted measure of the rate of inflation.

1981 % Growth in Retail Sales

Newfoundland	-1.0
New Brunswick	-0.2
Nova Scotia	-1.8
Prince Edward Island	-3.4
Canada	2.0

1981 % Change in Consumer Price Index

Nova Scotia	12
New Brunswick	12
Newfoundland	13.4
Prince Edward Island	13.8
Canada	12.8

Considering the rate of inflation, both island economies are expected to have the highest rate of inflation in the region by year-end. Nova Scotia and New Brunswick may, however, finish the year with an inflation rate below that of Canada.

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Down-to-Earth Prospects

Total farm cash receipts approached record levels for the three Maritime provinces to the end of August, over the same period in 1980. Almost \$400 million had been taken in by farmers, up by one-third over a year earlier. There are still significant receipts to come from several cash crops, notably apples and potatoes, before the end of the year. By the end of 1981, Maritime farmers should be well on the way to meeting the "Billion Dollar Challenge" put forward by the Maritime Farmers Council two years ago.

Higher cash receipts, however, are only one side of the story. The costs of producing are also much higher, particularly in a year of record high interest rates. Most farmers must borrow to plant and care for their crops, or replenish their herds. The extra costs resulting from having to pay more for money means, for example, that beef farmers have been unable to bring their herds to optimum size, indeed have been selling animals prematurely to meet payments. Or potato farmers, who generally move their product to market over the winter months as prices rise, will be selling earlier at lower prices, also to meet payments. Needless to say, at some stage the consumer will be faced with higher food prices.

These considerations are reflected in the fact that although cattle slaughtered at Atlantic plants were down by only 1 per cent by the end of October over the same period last year, receipts from these sales were down by more than 10 per cent. Hog farmers responded to a significant strengthening of prices after April by sending more



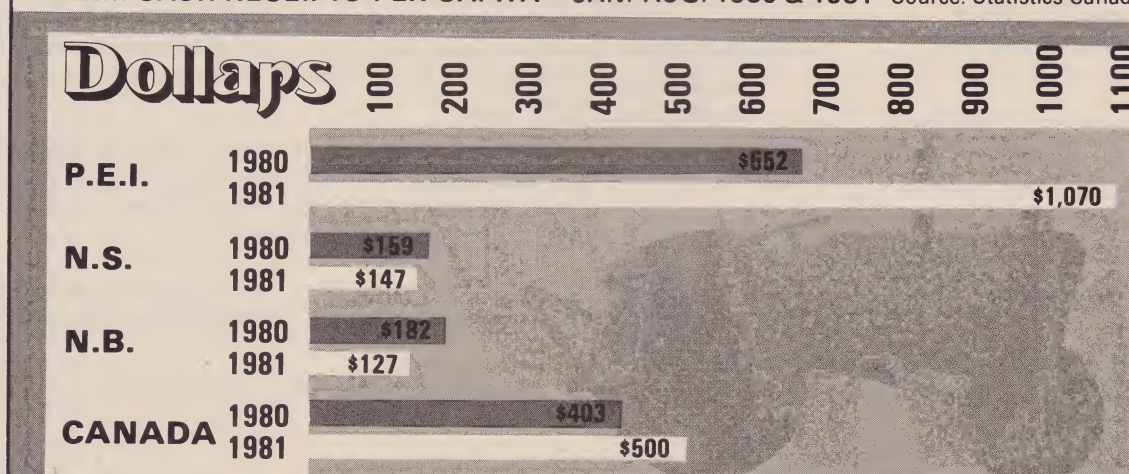
animals for slaughter. By the end of August, numbers were up by 9 per cent and receipts were up by 31 per cent over the same period in 1980.

All major cash crops had at least an average year. Although the Annapolis Valley apple crop was reduced slightly by late spring frosts, prices were significantly higher because of substantial winter damage to Quebec orchards, and crop reductions in parts of the United States. The potato acreage in both Prince Edward Island and New Brunswick increased after poor yields

(and therefore higher prices) in 1980. Harvest was delayed by wet weather, but was largely in by the end of October and yields were substantially back to normal. Island production will exceed 15 million hundredweight; New Brunswick production will be almost 13 million hundredweight.

Nova Scotia's blueberry growers continue to generate handsome export earnings, although Newfoundland's producers had a disastrous year. In Nova Scotia not only was the crop up substantially (by about two-thirds over

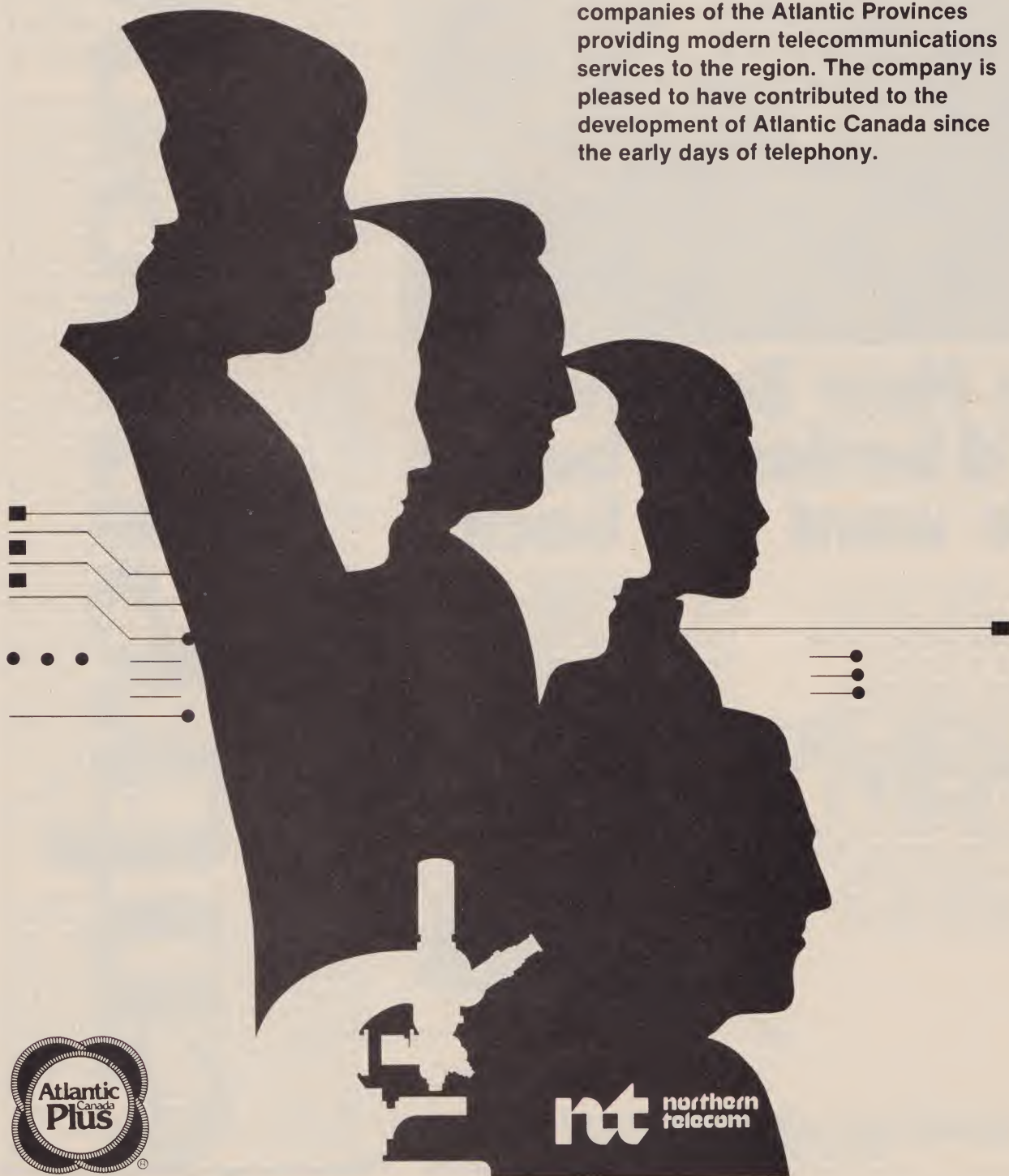
FARM CASH RECEIPTS PER CAPITA JAN.-AUG. 1980 & 1981 Source: Statistics Canada



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Agriculture

1980) but prices were higher too. About 80 per cent of the production will be exported outside North America. The growth in Nova Scotia's blueberry industry since the mid-1970s has been little less than spectacular. Total production in 1981 amounted to almost 13 million pounds. The European market is still growing, but even more encouraging is the growth of the Japanese market. A series of trade missions formed the backbone of an aggressive marketing strategy since the late 1970s and the success of this strategy was unexpectedly swift. More missions are planned, including one this winter to Japan and Korea. The one complaint about this success story seems to be, however, fewer berries available in local markets.

The outlook for Atlantic agriculture is promising. The federal government's 1981 discussion paper "The Challenge of Growth: An Agri-food Strategy for Canada" foresees an era of export-led growth for the nation's farmers. For the Atlantic region this must first translate into producing more of its own food. A series of federal-provincial development agreements recognizes this. Of particular interest is an agreement to develop agriculture in Newfoundland. At first glance, farming the Rock does not appeal to many people. There are few areas of mineral soils and the climate is not favourable. But the position of the province at the end of North American supply lines has prompted a renewed quest for some degree of self-sufficiency. Since the mid-1960s, the area of improved land has increased from about 8,000 hectares to well over 11,000 hectares, and there are now more than 400 farms in Newfoundland. The Agricultural Development Sub-Agreement was signed in 1979. The extensive peat deposits on the Avalon Peninsula are being adapted to grow vegetables using a sophisticated manipulation of water levels in the peat—it amounts to large-scale open-air hydroponics—and there is a determined effort to protect the few areas of mineral soils from other types of development. Don't look for great decreases in food prices though—in October, 1981, a weekly food-basket for a family of four, standardized across the country, cost \$87.42 in St. John's as opposed to \$81.60 in Halifax and \$79.78 in Montreal.

Presently, the region is less than 40 per cent self-sufficient in commodities (such as beef, pork, vegetables, and most feed grains) we can grow well locally. The land-base to accommodate growth seems adequate and there are good research and experimentation facilities. There is also an increasingly sophisticated and more highly trained set of young farmers entering the industry. As with many other parts of the Atlantic economy, the promise is there; taking advantage of opportunities is the challenge. ■



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— Webster's Dictionary

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Lost in the Woods?

To this traditionally strong resource sector, the 1980s bring a mood of uncertainty. For pulpwood production, there are visions of rising costs, aging mills, intensified competition, and fewer trees. For lumber producers, high interest rates spell disaster.

Pulpwood production was down in the first eight months of 1981 by 2 per cent. This was mainly due to a hefty decline in New Brunswick's output by almost 9 per cent. In Newfoundland, Abitibi-Price began newsprint production this year from the converted Labrador-Linerboard Mill at Stephenville. Nova Scotia's output was also up. Newsprint production also increased, reflecting the addition of the Stephenville capacity.

Mere statistics, however, cannot tell the whole story. In particular, the supply of pulpwood in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia is at risk. The combination of spruce budworm and general neglect of silviculture on lands leased from the Crown means that the supply of trees is running out at a time when the global demand for newsprint is expanding constantly. Stiff competition from "tree farmers" in the south-eastern United States also means that "tree mining" in eastern Canada is less and less practical.

Widespread spraying against spruce budworm took place in 1981 in New Brunswick and Newfoundland. In Nova Scotia the controlled spraying of about 32,000 hectares also went ahead, although late in the year came the encouraging news that only about 700,000 hectares were defoliated in 1981 as against almost 1.4 million hectares in 1980 and almost 1.1 million in 1979. Particularly in Cape Breton, it seems the pest is well on the way to



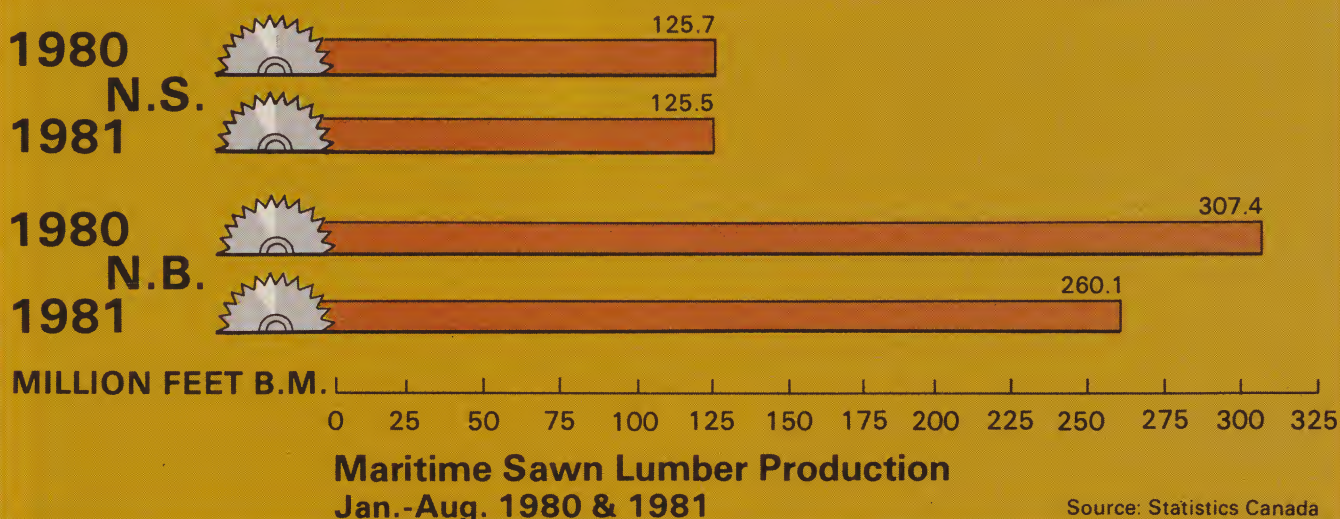
DAVID NICHOLS



eating itself out of house and home. Silviculturalists indicate at least 30 years before the damaged woods in Cape Breton regenerate to a commercial level, and even this assumes no other severe infestation or other calamities.

Aging pulp mills are more of a problem in New Brunswick than elsewhere in the region. Two of the three major Nova Scotia plants are fairly recent constructions and, to add to the new Stephenville plant, Bowater is modernizing its Corner Brook mill. In New Brunswick the St. Anne-Nackawic mill has recently received a \$5-million public incentive to aid in modernization, and a total of \$62.2 million will be spent over the next five years on this mill. All in all more than \$42 million of federal and provincial money has been set aside to modernize mills in New Brunswick up to 1985. A similar agreement for \$21.4 million is under way in Nova Scotia.

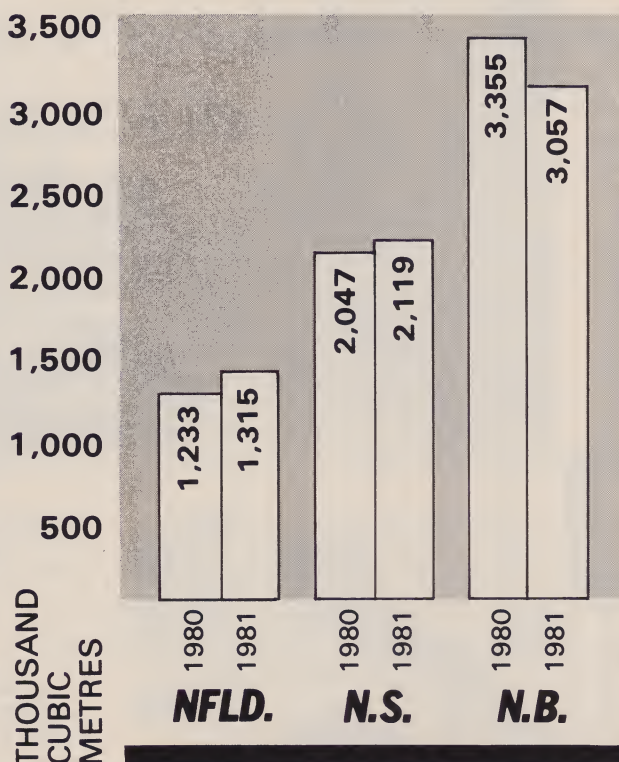
Sawmills in New Brunswick and



Forestry

Nova Scotia held their own with only modest declines in output up to September. Then the bottom fell out of the market as high interest rates began to be felt by construction in the two major export markets of the north-eastern states and western Europe. The lumber industry is used to a goodly share of peaks and troughs, but the present precipitous decline tests even the memories of old-timers in the industry. About one-fifth of Nova Scotia's production goes to the United Kingdom, and more than a third of New Brunswick's production goes to the United States. The Maritime Lumber Bureau estimates total production from both provinces is down by 30 per cent in the final quarter of the year, and is likely to stay that way until American and European dealers begin to restock, probably around next summer. Housing construction in the U.S. is significantly lower this year, which accounts for a large part of the New Brunswick decline, and the revaluation

PULPWOOD PRODUCTION (DOMESTIC USE)
JAN.—AUG. 1980 & 1981 Source: Statistics Canada



of the Canadian dollar relative to some European currencies in 1981 helps explain Nova Scotia's hard times. The present dip in activity means the loss of about 1,500 jobs by Christmas in the two provinces.

There seems to be a mixed outlook for both the pulpwood/newsprint and the sawmill sector. In the shorter terms, the lumber producers will probably reopen mills and begin selling again as interest rates decline. Newfoundland's newsprint producers, in particular, have been finding new markets in the Far East. Over the longer term, however, scarcity of trees will be the single determining factor in the survival of the Atlantic region's forestry-based industries. The present favourable position of the Canadian dollar helps newsprint producers hold their own, but increasingly stiff competition from United States and western Canadian producers may result in a major rationalization of the Atlantic region's industry. ■

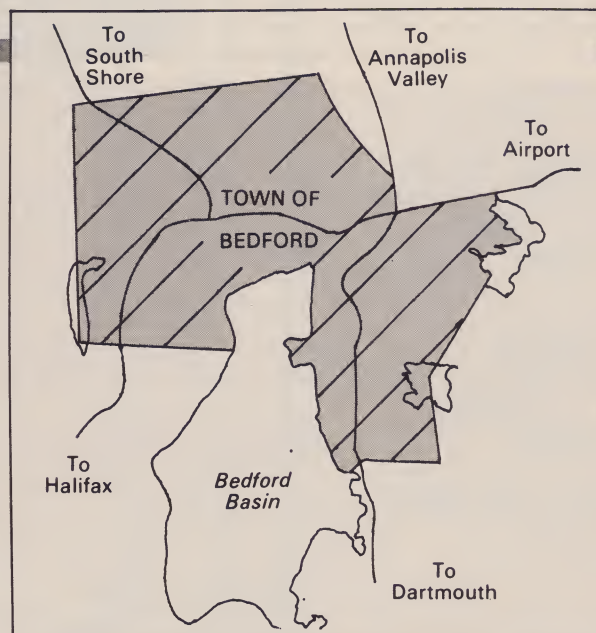
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Heavy Weather

Nineteen eighty-one will not go down as a banner year for the fishing industry in Atlantic Canada. Headlines, almost daily, chronicled the industry's problems, with symptoms everywhere. Plants have been closed, workers laid off, boats tied up, strikes have become common, and representatives of both inshore and offshore interests are at odds with the federal controlling agencies.

Common problems of high interest rates, shrinking export markets, labour unrest and higher costs of operation face all parts of the Canadian economy. The nature of the fishing industry itself involves other problems; low levels of some stocks, gluts of catches in others, declining fish consumption patterns in the United States (the market for 80 per cent of Atlantic Canada's fish production), increasing competition in the traditional American market, problems of quota allocations, and problems of rapid uncontrolled expansion of effort. All these factors, in combination, are squeezing everybody from the smallest fisherman to the largest processor.

High interest rates have taken their toll throughout the industry. Small fishermen cannot afford payments on boats built often with subsidies or easy loans. Usually, too, their catches are down as the fleet has expanded since the 200-mile economic zone was declared in 1977. Processors are faced by expensive inventories as markets have declined, forcing expensive processing facilities to lie idle. In general, Atlantic region fish plants have been suffering from falling profit margins. From 1973 to 1978, gross margins at the plant dropped by 5 per cent, while the consumer price index rose by almost 60 per cent. Over the same period, processing costs for cod blocks (a major export) rose 126 per cent, including a 150 per cent rise in manufacturing overhead, a 100 per cent rise in packaging costs, a 300 per cent rise in direct labour costs and a 140 per cent rise in the cost of raw materials. Prices of the finished product have also risen, but not to the same extent as costs. In addition, high wholesale prices for fish have contributed to a slackening in demand.

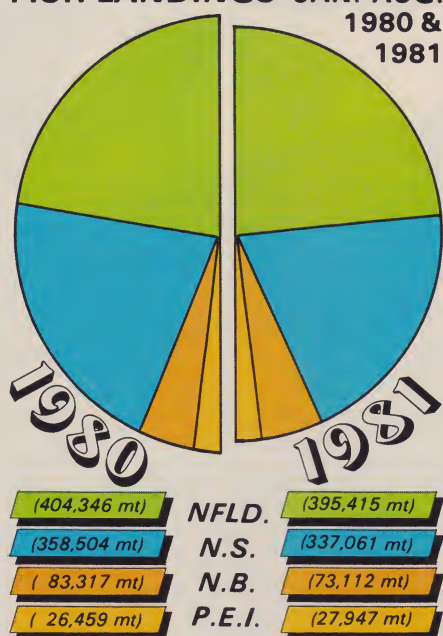
Markets have also declined in Europe. Gains were made in Britain and Germany in the mid-1970s with favourable exchange rates, depleted European stocks, and expanded marketing effort. The exchange rates are no longer so favourable and tariff barriers to protect domestic fisheries are difficult to overcome.

Strikes in the fishing industry echo

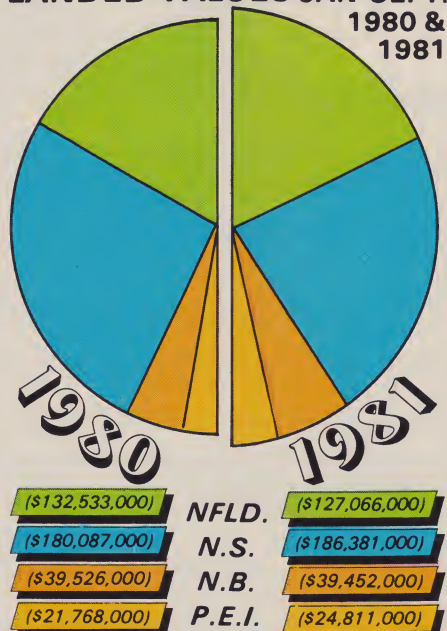
the general mood of uncertainty. They are usually over two major issues; higher fish prices, and larger quota allocations. These labour actions brought limited results as companies could not pay higher prices and biologists could not squeeze more fish out of depleted stocks.

Prices to fishermen were low as companies' net revenue was squeezed between reduced demand for fish products and higher operating costs. The high and unavoidable energy costs of harvesting the resource are particularly troublesome. Large trawlers must travel increasing distances to fill their holds. Delegates to an energy efficiency

FISH LANDINGS JAN.-AUG.



LANDED VALUES JAN-SEPT.



seminar held in Halifax early in 1981 were told that vessels which can only catch 20 pounds of fish per gallon of fuel would probably be forced out of the fishery. The recent increase in fuel prices may bring some vessels to this danger point.

Other major problems include current low levels of some stocks. Total catch is below last year's levels in all provinces (based on January-September landings) and for some important species, such as herring, catches are well below normal. Inshore fishermen in Newfoundland have been hard hit by low catches in the last two years; last year there was strike action, and this year there were irregular migratory habits of the cod. The Gulf of St. Lawrence herring fishery remains closed indefinitely. The future of the scallop fishery, Nova Scotia's most valuable catch, rests on a decision on the Georges Bank boundary issue. Failure to ratify a negotiated treaty has led to a build-up of American fishery effort to the point where the future of the resource is in jeopardy.

In contrast, there are gluts of some species such as cod and haddock due to large catches early in the year. Prices in foreign markets, accordingly, are low, and inventories high. The seasonal glut, because of large summer catches by the inshore fleet, is equally to blame. A major problem with these gluts is a serious processing over-capacity. Plants run at capacity for only a few months of the year, then lie idle with workers laid off.

American fish consumption has also been falling. As long as fish was a low cost source of protein, markets were assured. This is no longer the case, and presently, most meats (beef, pork, chicken) tend to be less expensive to the shopper than fish. Restaurant sales, accounting for 60 per cent of fish products eaten, are also down.

As the market shrinks, competition is becoming more intense. The Americans are rapidly expanding their own fishing effort. The vast Alaskan pollock potential presents a real danger to traditional Canadian markets and even though the Canadian product is still preferred, it cannot be expected to withstand forever the threat of cheaper substitutes.

Declaration of the 200-mile economic zone in 1977, gave hope for tremendous potential. The headlines then were full of promise, and the fishing industry was the phoenix that would rise from a struggling economy and lead the Atlantic provinces to a brighter future. This potential was never realized. Inshore fleets expanded beyond their capacity for efficiency. Processors opened new seasonal plants tying up expensive capital, and company fleets expanded their catching

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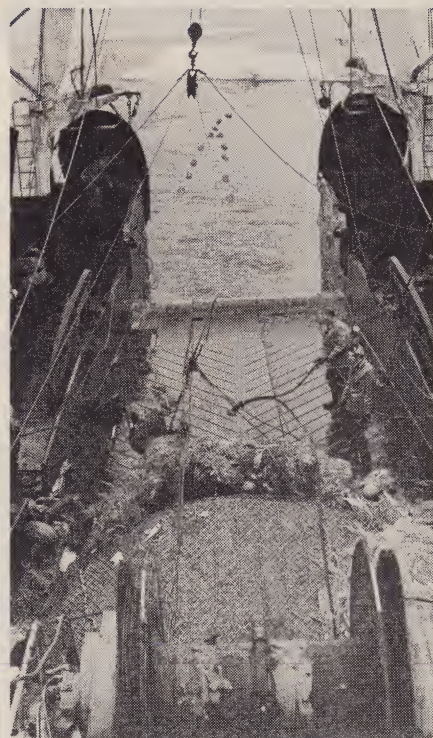
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Fishery



capacity to the point where traditional fishing strategies ensured gluts on the market and lower stocks of many species.

The evidence of these mistakes is clear; plant closures, record company losses and fishermen in danger of losing their boats. It is difficult, therefore, to separate the performance of the sector in 1981 from these more deeply seated developments. Landings were slightly down, landed values were slightly up to the end of September over the same period in 1980. Most of the news about closures occurred in the second part of the year as inventory levels piled up. To add to the industry's woes, plant fires took their toll in Nova Scotia, including one at the province's biggest plant.

Amid all these bad tidings, there is room for optimism. To some extent, the need for action has been recognized, and the structure of the industry must be revised. Ideas of property rights and company fish stock allocations are growing in acceptance. Restrictions have been placed on entry to the fishing industry and vessel replacement has been regulated in hopes of preventing further over-capitalization of the in-shore fleet. Quality improvement measures are being taken, interest rates are easing and, perhaps most basic to the future of the industry, the fish stocks are recovering.

It seems certain that the fishery will survive as an industry. Few people, however, seem to doubt that it will be somewhat changed. The industry will remain a staple of the region, and part of this heritage will, of course, be its problems. ■

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A coastal landscape with a wide, flat beach in the foreground, a small boat in the water, and a line of houses on a hill in the background.

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Today mining may rank behind forestry and fishing in terms of output and employment but the long-run outlook is for this sector to improve its position in the Atlantic economy. The Atlantic region presently accounts for about 15 per cent of the Canadian total mineral production and employs about 15,000 people. However, while the long-run outlook, especially for this decade, is bright, current economic conditions paint a dark picture. Base metal prices are low compared to this time last year, and inventory levels are as lean as possible, mainly because of a generally slow international economy. Many of the minerals produced by this region are used as inputs to produce higher priced consumer goods (such as appliances and cars), or in the housing industry. If borrowed money is used to buy these items, then higher interest rates mean less buying. This lower level of demand filters down to the mines and quarries of Atlantic Canada.

Labrador iron ore production to the end of September, 1981, was slightly up over 1980 by 1.7 per cent. There was, however, an extended shutdown



DAVID NICHOLS

of operations in mid-1980 which severely reduced output during that year. In line with iron ore, the output of base metals (such as zinc, lead and copper) was also just above last year's levels. This is mostly the result of a decline in demand starting last summer. However, industry officials anticipate that only a slight rise in base metal demand will have a strong upward impact on prices and production as inventories recover from their present low levels.

The available information on production levels for other mineral products reflects some differentials in the level of output for 1981. Gypsum production is down marginally compared to the third quarter of last year because

of depressed U.S. housing markets. Salt production is also down, probably due to carry-over in inventory in foreign markets from last winter, resulting in lower demand this fall.

One mineral that is enjoying renewed popularity in 1981 is coal. Production is closely associated with power generation, and the current upsurge is based on the need to replace more expensive imported oil. A lengthy strike last summer in Cape Breton, however, means coal output should be down for Nova Scotia in 1981.

The optimistic outlook in the long run is based on higher levels of exploration activity in 1981. In recent years, exploration expenditures in the region have been in the area of \$15 to \$20 million per year. Total active claims for exploration in the region to the end of October, 1981, are up by 30 per cent with particular interest in Newfoundland and Nova Scotia. An extensive testing program is forming part of a search for uranium in many parts of Nova Scotia.

This high level of exploration activity will probably continue at least for the next couple of years and along with improvements in world market conditions could lead to more new mines. Present mining developments are already generating excitement in New Brunswick. The Potash Company of America's new facility at Sussex is well on the way to beginning production with start-up scheduled for 1983. Both Denison Mines and BP Canada are also involved in potash exploration and development in the area. Late in the year, too, came the announcement of a new \$360-million zinc smelter at Bellefleur to begin construction next May, and to begin production in 1984, creating 400 new jobs in the area. And in Nova Scotia, Shell Resources continues its search for economically recoverable reserves of tin with encouraging results to date.

The outlook for 1982, is for exploration activity to continue at high levels, and for production levels to follow the path of the economy closely. If economic conditions improve next year, recent low inventory levels mean production levels should increase quickly and return to upward movement and growth.

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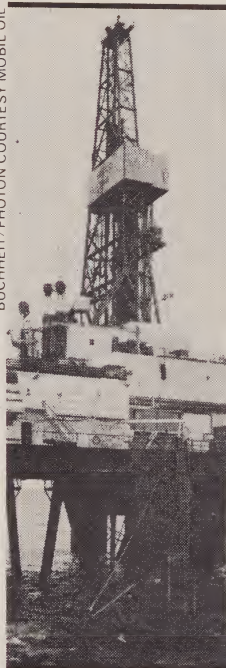
Still fired up, but it'll cost

On the national scene, the year in energy was dominated by the National Energy Programme of October, 1980, and the subsequent negotiations on energy pricing which occurred between Ottawa and Alberta. Resolution of long-standing conflicts between these two major actors paved the way for negotiations with other actual and potential energy producing provinces including Newfoundland and Nova Scotia. The September 1, Energy Pricing Agreement established a schedule of prices up to 1986, which will influence development of offshore hydrocarbon deposits.

Offshore exploration activity continued with major interest on the Grand Banks, the northeast Newfoundland Shelf, the Labrador Shelf, and the Scotian Shelf. Drilling took place at 15 sites up to November. Between January and September more than 32,000 metres were drilled, an increase of almost 60 per cent over the same time in 1980. On the Hibernia structure, Mobil (on behalf of its exploration partners) recorded flow from three delineation wells, including one of 4,642 barrels per day at the K-18 location in October. The drilling rig formerly at the site has since moved to a new wildcat site close by, named West Flying Foam. A recent addition to the drilling rig fleet arrived in Halifax from the Mediterranean in November; the Bredford Dolphin was to be renamed Bow Drill I, and the semi-submersible rig will drill under lease to Petro-Canada close to Sable Island, the first venture of the state-owned corporation in this area.

The \$350 million spent on offshore exploration activities in 1980 was likely

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Offshore Drilling Activity 1981

AREA	WELL	SPUD DATE	STATUS (Nov. 1981)
Sable Island	Venture B13	Pre-1981	▲
	Venture B43	June	□
Grand Banks	Hibernia B08	Pre-1981	●
	Hibernia G55	Pre-1981	○
	Hebron I13	January	●
	South Tempest G88	January	●
	Hibernia K18	March	●
	Nautilus C92	October	□
West Flying Foam L23	West Flying Foam L23	November	□
N.E. Nfld. Shelf	Sheridan J87	June	□
Labrador Shelf	Rut H11	July	△ (weather)
	Bjarni 082	June	○
	N. Leif I05	July	○
	N. Bjorne F06	July	△ (weather)
	Corte-Real P85	September	△ (weather)

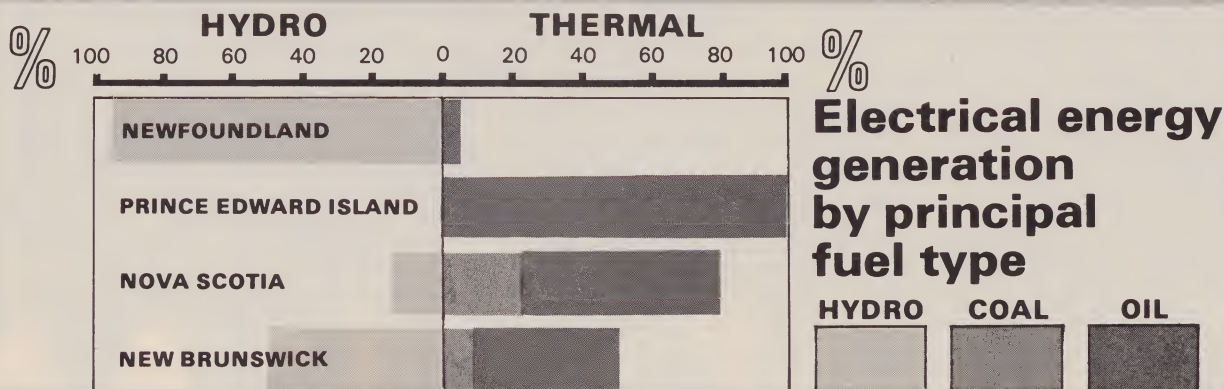
Legend: ● Oil flow; ○ Abandoned;
△ Suspended (reason); □ Drilling; ▲ Gas flow

SOURCE: Oilweek

at least to be matched in 1981; estimates indicate about \$307 million being spent on drilling work, and a further \$53 million on seismic research on the Grand Banks alone. The year also provided a wealth of diversity in other energy-related projects in the Atlantic region. Nova Scotia continued its switch away from electricity generated by expensive imported oil to coal-powered stations: the Lingan II project in Cape Breton began producing power, and construction of Lingan III is well under way. Plans for Lingan IV were announced to begin power production in 1984. Newfoundland's hydro production will shortly be supplemented by the Salmon River projects, with prospects of work beginning at Muskrat Falls or Gull Island still depending on marketing arrangements and financ-

ing. Construction also began on the Cat Arm project on the Great Northern Peninsula with a 127-megawatt potential. The chequered story of the Point Lepreau nuclear development continues, with an application presently before the National Energy Board to export surplus power to New England. As well, work continued on the Annapolis Basin Tidal Power Pilot Project.

In spite of all this work and the variety of future potential, Atlantic electricity generation remains largely unchanged from patterns established over the past few decades. Newfoundland's prodigious hydro potential already provides almost all the province's electricity with an appreciable amount for export. Prince Edward Island still relies exclusively on imported oil to generate power, although Nova Scotia's



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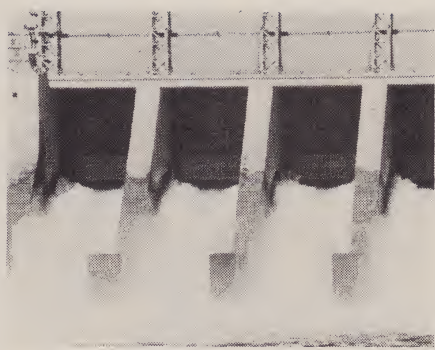
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reliance on this source is declining as Cape Breton coal takes over. New Brunswick gets half its requirements from hydro, a self-sufficiency ratio which is likely to increase when Point Lepreau begins operation.

Other new twists were added to the regional energy picture in 1981. The consideration of a liquefied natural gas terminal at the Strait of Canso, with an alternative site also under consideration in Quebec, would use Arctic gas. The LNG would be shipped



from the eastern Arctic in specially constructed tankers with ice-breaking capabilities for regasification at this facility before distribution.

The National Energy Board granted permission to extend the natural gas pipeline eastwards from Montreal through New Brunswick to terminals at Sydney and Halifax. Financing for this size of project poses immense problems in times of high interest rates, and the project is still in the most preliminary design stage. The pipeline, however, could be made with flow-reversal capability to distribute Sable Island gas to market if commercial reserves are found.

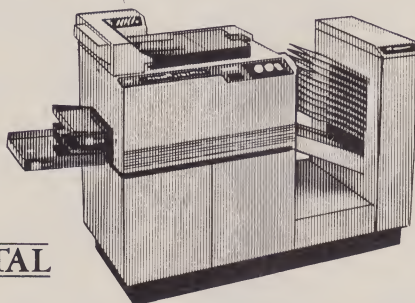
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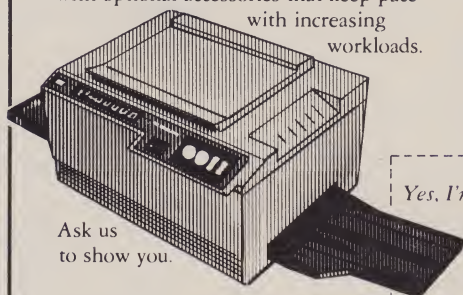
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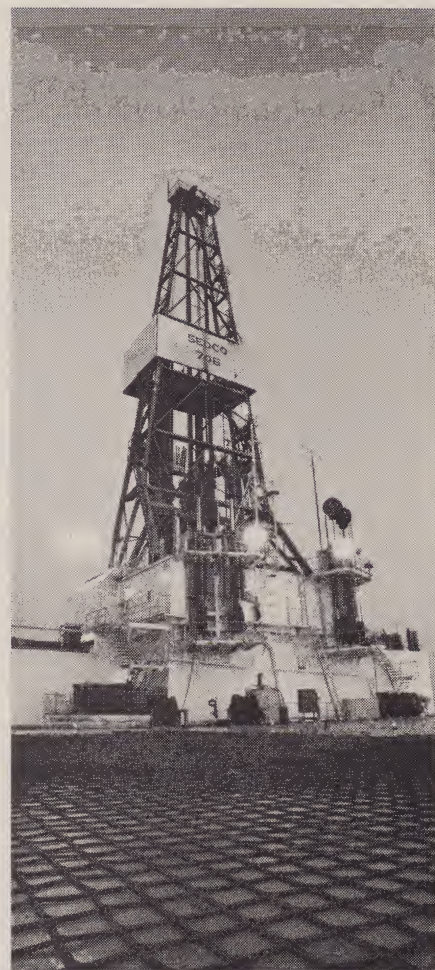
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The public imagination remains captivated by energy-related developments, particularly offshore. The drilling-rig contract recently captured by Saint John is worth \$150 million up to 1983, and may be the start of a larger rig construction programme in the region. This, however, may be the only concrete development to affect the region. Offshore developments and many other energy-related projects in the region are still only at exploration or assessment stages. Optimism must, therefore, be tempered with patience, and the time used to prepare for eventual development.

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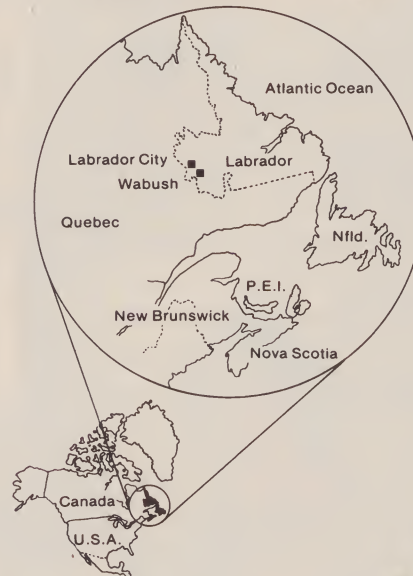
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Interest Rate Blues

The construction industry is a vital part of the Atlantic economy. It represented an average of 8 per cent of 1981 estimated gross provincial product in the region. This sector has come on hard times recently, mostly due to record high interest rates. Prime lending rates at more than 20 per cent made borrowing for all types of construction projects very expensive. Some sectors of the construction industry are, therefore, undergoing very slow growth.

Construction which has taken place was usually protected from interest rates and would likely have taken place in 1981 in any case. One example is construction tied to government expenditures, which relies less on interest rate movements and traditionally sustains the industry in hard times.

Building permits are issued for four broad groups of construction—residential, industrial, commercial, and institutional/governmental. In residential construction for the first eight months of 1981, Nova Scotia registered the region's only increase over the same time period in 1980. Of the remaining three provinces, Newfoundland alone issued over one-fifth less residential permits in 1981, probably reflecting a slowdown after the flurry of excitement

in 1979 and 1980 following announcement of the Hibernia oil discovery. In terms of actual housing starts in larger centres (more than 10,000 people), Nova Scotia also recorded the region's only increase in 1981 over 1980. A \$20-million provincial programme in Nova Scotia to subsidize mortgages on new homes explains a large part of this increase.

Big industrial, commercial, and institutional projects have done much to keep Atlantic construction afloat during the first three quarters of 1981. A list of these would touch on familiar names to many people. In Newfoundland, work continues on the Upper Salmon River hydro project, scheduled for start-up in 1982. To this \$155-million project, we can also add the start of construction on the \$287-million project at Cat Arm on the Northern Peninsula of Newfoundland next year. There is still the prospect, of course, of the \$4.5-billion Gull Island project. Commercial development is still under way in St. John's, with an easing of interest rates likely to promote further sod-breaking.

Major projects in Nova Scotia are largely concentrated in Cape Breton and the Halifax area. An exception is the Michelin Tire plant in Kings County, a \$400-million project which is well on the way to completion. Michelin has also been renovating its other two plants. In Cape Breton a \$96-million modernization of the Sydney Steel mill

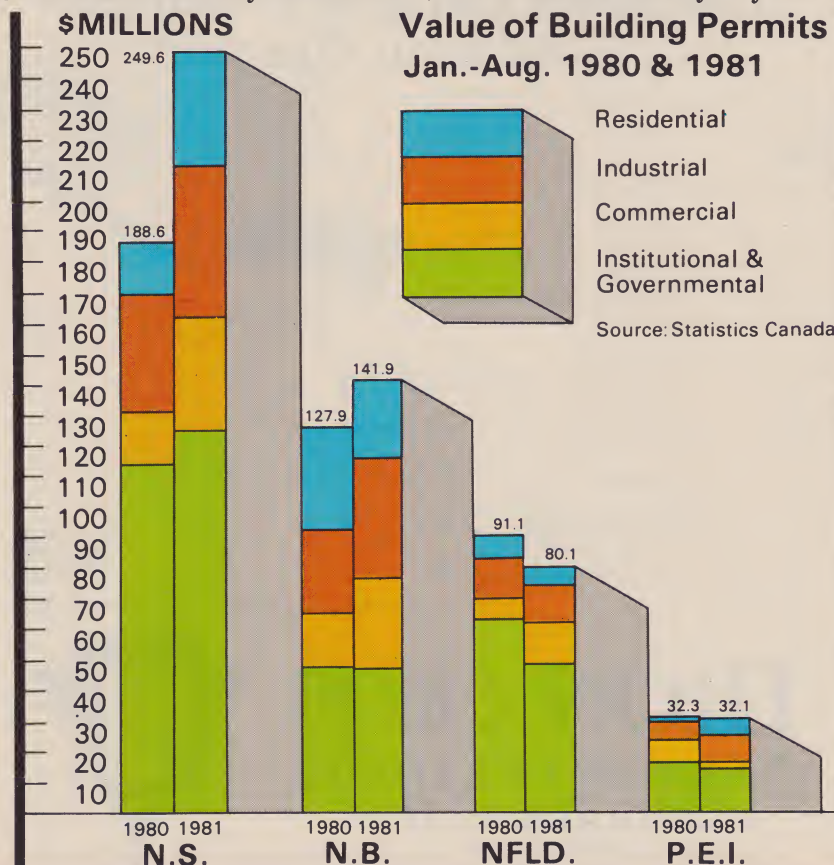
was announced in April with the federal government picking up 80 per cent of the tab, the provincial government the rest. Expansion of coal-producing capacity at Donkin is under way, and expenditures will reach \$400 million by 1986. The associated Lingan power complex began construction of its fourth generator, with both third and fourth scheduled to begin operation in 1984. In Halifax, the sod was turned for the \$100-million Camp Hill Medical Complex in November to join ongoing expansion of the DND's Halifax Dockyard, and the Waterfront Development Corporation's developments. The Fairview Container Terminal received its first ship also in November.

In prospect is Dome Petroleum's major ship-building facility for ice-breaking crude carriers. Three sites are under consideration in Nova Scotia. Also related to energy developments is the possibility of a shipyard in Cape Breton to build production platforms for offshore oil and gas.

Prince Edward Island's main construction activity revolved around the new Department of Veterans' Affairs building and a new hospital. Both are in Charlottetown and progress on both in 1981 was hampered because of strikes. Charlottetown can also look forward to work beginning on a new convention centre.

Activity on major projects in New Brunswick has kept the province's construction sector ticking over in 1981. The Market Square Development in Saint John was joined late in the year by a beginning of a \$21-million expansion to the Drydock. Headgear and processing facilities for the Potash Company of America's new mine near Sussex are changing the landscape in that area, and a further mine-related development, the Brunswick Mining and Smelting/Heath Steele zinc smelter at Belledune, was announced in November. In addition, the provincial government announced a \$100-million program to modernize institutional and government buildings. The on-again, off-again project to build a federal penitentiary at Renous seems to be on again after a decision in the spring, and Mitel will begin construction of its Buctouche facility in 1982.

For most of 1981, construction rode on the shoulders of major projects, and this pattern is likely to continue for several years. Overall, however, the sector would benefit enormously from an easing of interest rates which would spur, in particular, residential construction and many other related sectors. Megaprojects such as the T Q and M gas pipeline and the Dome shipyard remain tantalizingly close and could benefit the entire Atlantic area as associated facilities are built. In the shorter term, however, much will depend on policies regarding interest rates.

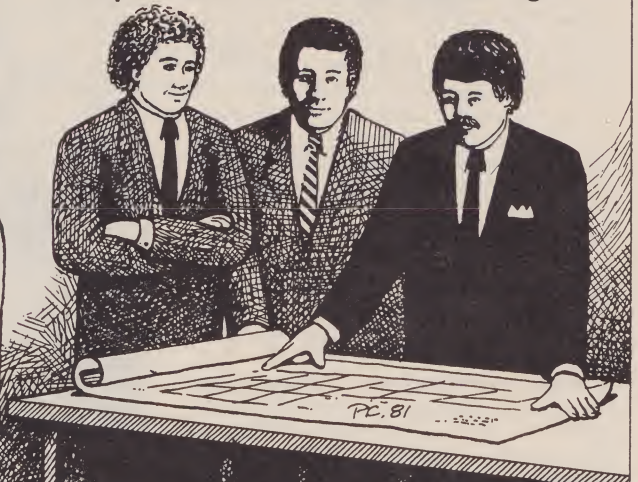


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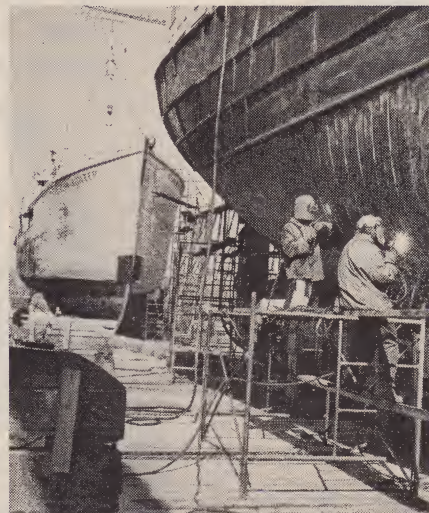
The Game of Inventory Control

A microscopic look into the Atlantic manufacturing sector, given the broader current economic conditions, reflects the necessities of tight inventory control. With low consumer spending in the North American economy, and record high interest rates, producers have been forced into the game of keeping inventory levels as close as possible to current low levels of consumer expenditures. In many cases this means operating plants at less than full capacity. The one feature which has been helping producers hold their own has been favourable exchange rates. With most of the output from the manufacturing sector geared to export markets, the low Canadian dollar has allowed Atlantic manufacturers to keep a good share of their foreign markets. However, a continuation of present market conditions could have a negative impact in production and employment levels in the near future. Given this prospect, the success of this inventory game depends on good marketing.

A review of the figures to the third quarter of 1981 reveals a pattern of sales trying to keep pace with inflation. An adjustment for inflation would indicate no major change in the volume of output generally. The provincial breakdown of total manufacturing shipments (in current dollars) shows Newfoundland with the highest growth rate to the end of August compared to the same period last year, followed by New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. The stronger position of Newfoundland comes in part from a new newsprint mill starting production this year at Stephenville, and the return to normal production levels for fish plants after last year's fishery dispute. Later in the year, however, some of those fish plants closed down. Although figures for

Prince Edward Island are not available for comparison, a review of the Island's gross provincial product estimates and the other industrial sectors indicates a position somewhat below the other provinces.

In terms of the output of higher value items (food and forestry products), sales are running only marginally ahead of last year. But, as in the case of total manufacturing shipments, most of the higher value comes from higher prices. The total sales level in current dollars (unadjusted for inflation) was up by about 12 per cent at the end of August, compared to the same time last year in both New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. The Newfoundland figure for the same time comparison is up by 26 per cent in current dollars,



N.S. GOVT SERVICES

reflecting a partial recovery from last year's fishery dispute. The sales figures for the pulp and paper mills in the region are up marginally, reflecting mostly the softening of demand for paper products in the second half of this year. In most subsectors, such as chemical products, non-metallic minerals (including structural materials such as cement), and printing and publishing, the story up to the end of

August this year is of little or no change over 1980.

The final outlook for this year is one of trying to keep ahead of inflation. After adjustments for inflation, the volume of output will probably indicate no real change. The key to the future expectation in regard to expansion of manufacturing output rests on trends in the U.S. economy. If this continues its present course of low consumer and capital spending, the dampening effect will reach all the way into this region. However, the preliminary expectations are that 1982 could be a turnaround year, with the possibility of improvement in consumer and capital spending which will have a positive impact on our producers.

Michelin's new plant in the Annapolis Valley will be producing in 1982, and the beginning of construction of the Mitel plant in eastern New Brunswick will give a welcome injection of high-technology industry to the region. The Saint John shipyard is forging purposefully ahead after winning one contract worth \$150 million to build an offshore drilling rig (with an option on a second). The yard will also be bidding on a third rig, as well as being in close competition for the \$2.6-billion contract to build patrol frigates for the Canadian Armed Services.

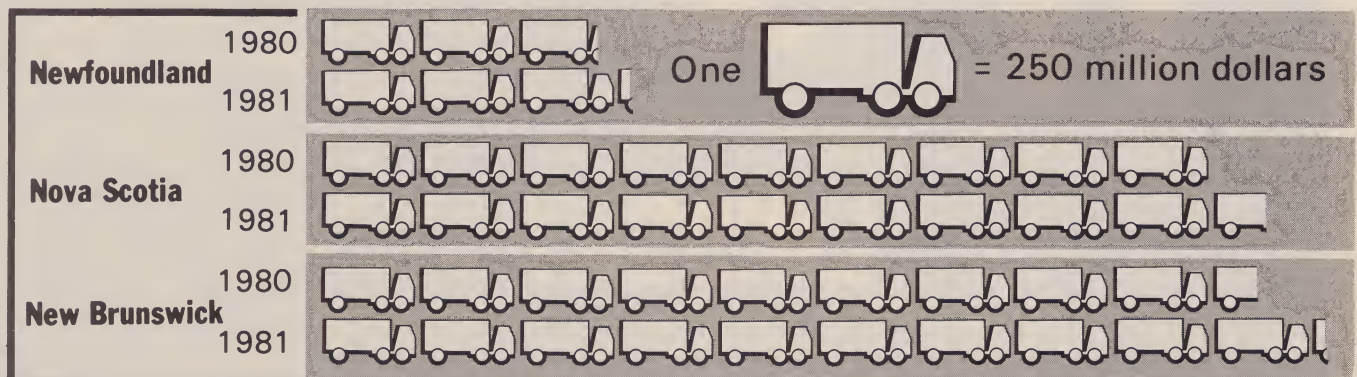
Elsewhere in the region, there is the possibility of another offshore rig yard in Nova Scotia or Newfoundland, and a decision on the precise location may be taken this winter. Even more exciting is the prospect of a shipyard to build large ice-breaking crude carriers at any one of three sites in Nova Scotia for Dome Petroleum, and an increasing demand for ship repair facilities.

In the shorter run, however, overall expectations of benefits rely on the performance of the U.S. economy, and even if this recovers in 1982, there will be a time-lag before the benefits reach the Atlantic region. The earliest anticipated effects would be in late 1982, as the regional economy chugs along in low gear. ■

VALUE OF MANUFACTURING SHIPMENT JAN.-AUG. 1980 & 1981 (in current dollars)

Note — Statistics on PEI not available due to publication restrictions

Source: Statistics Canada





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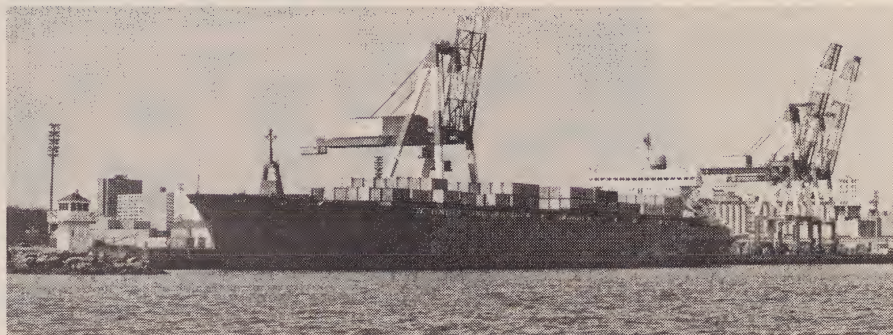


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Moving Through Uncertainty

Cargoes moving through the region's three major ports began to show signs of a broader economic slowdown in the first three quarters of 1981, compared to the same period in 1980. Total containerized cargo was down by 4 per cent in Halifax and by 7.5 per cent in Saint John. In U.S. eastern seaboard ports, however, the decrease was more of the order of 20 per cent, indicating worse times to come for Atlantic port facilities. The



decision of the Dart Line to move its eastern Canadian centre of operations to Montreal from Halifax came in the

spring, and was followed in the fall by withdrawal of a second line shortly before the Fairview Terminal unloaded its first ship. As with many other sectors of the Atlantic economy, port managers are looking at offshore related activity to keep the ships coming in. An increase in the amount of cargo handled by St. John's is partially due to this type of activity.

The year brought bad news too for the region's rail passengers. In a series of nationwide cuts, VIA Rail discontinued the Atlantic's run from Saint John to Montreal via Maine among other cutbacks to affect the region. Despite an outpouring of public and business protests, the Atlantic took its final run in November. Days after this, CN Marine reduced its ferry service from North Sydney to Argentia significantly, removing one of two vessels from the service with the prospects of more cuts to come. CN also announced rate increases of between 14 and 16 per cent for most of the region's commodities, effective January 1, 1982.

Amidst this pessimism, Eastern Provincial Airways completed its first full year of service between Halifax and Toronto with a report of high load factors. The regional airline also announced, in November, the formation of a commuter service to link major centres in the Maritime provinces. The new airline, to be centred in Halifax, would be called Air Maritimes. In December, too, CP Air was to begin stopping at Halifax on its Toronto-Amsterdam run, to the delight of the region's Dutch community, long the unwilling victims of adventuresome and complex flight changes at London's Heathrow Airport, or between airports in Montreal.

The uncertainty of the early 1980s spills over into most aspects of transportation. There are dramatic changes taking place in the region's transportation system that will affect and be affected by the fluctuating regional economy. The changes include withdrawal of services and changes in subsidies and costs. Transportation services are a crucial factor in the region's development and these changes must be evaluated carefully over the coming year.

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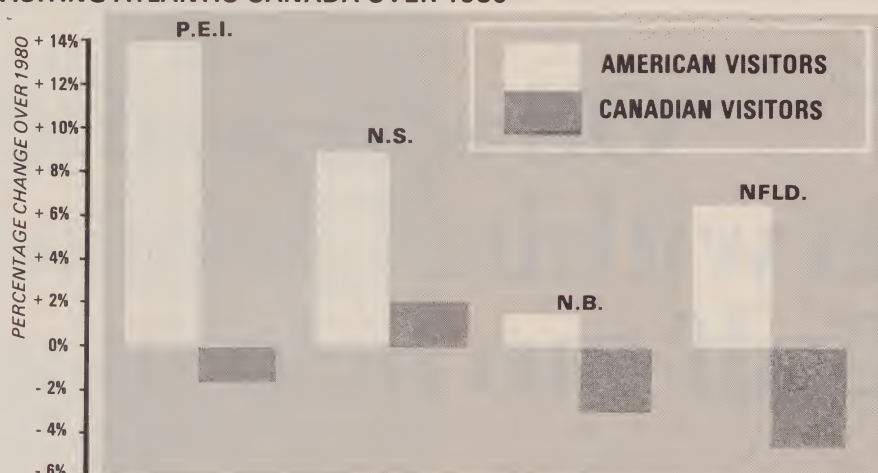
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The tourist season (May-September, 1981) saw the Atlantic provinces' tourism industry record a modest increase over 1980. All four provinces had a larger number of visitors from the United States, probably because of a favourable exchange rate for the U.S. dollar in Canada, as well as cheaper gasoline prices. Prince Edward Island, in particular, made a special marketing effort to attract U.S. visitors, and American visitations to that province were up by 14 per cent (about 21,000 people) over 1980. Nova Scotia and Newfoundland also recorded significant increases over 1980 (9 per cent and 6.2 per cent respectively), while New Brunswick recorded the lowest gain of 1.3 per cent. Many of the larger number of visitors to the other three provinces must pass through New Brunswick, however, which thereby captures some of the extra business.

While the four Atlantic provinces recorded gains in the actual number of U.S. visitors over 1980, only Nova Scotia recorded an increase in the actual number of visitors from other parts of Canada. For the most part, traffic from Quebec and Ontario was down compared to 1980, while increases came from intra-regional travel within the Atlantic provinces, and from the mid-Atlantic states (New Jersey and New

CHANGES IN NUMBERS OF PEOPLE VISITING ATLANTIC CANADA OVER 1980



Source: Provincial Tourism Departments

York), while the New England states as usual made a significant contribution to tourism in the region.

Part of the increase in Canadian visitors to Nova Scotia is certainly due to an upswing in convention business coming to Halifax. Several major conventions and other events were held in the Metro area in 1981, including the Labatt Brier National Curling Championship in March. In general, the increasing trend in this lucrative type of business will affect all four provinces as facilities are built to accommodate delegates and participants.

Although it is notoriously difficult to estimate the value of tourism to the region, total direct expenditures by visitors probably exceeded \$120 million

in 1981. As this amount works its way into the system, the overall benefit will be two or three times, thus giving an idea of the part tourism plays in the region.

Prospects for 1982 are good, particularly if exchange rates remain favourable. All four provinces have aggressive marketing campaigns south of the border, and an extensive network designed to facilitate trip-planning is in place. There has been more interest in bus tours as a means of travel, and this factor, with others, is also helping to extend the season beyond mid-September. Coupled with the region's natural attractions, this strategy for growth seems to hold promise for success. ■



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nomy. In fact, energy investment is a key to Canadian prosperity in the 1980's.



John Stoik is President of Gulf Canada Limited. He was born and raised in North Battleford, Sask., studied at the University of Saskatchewan, and served in the R.C.A.F. In his rare spare hours, he enjoys gardening.

Consider, for instance, just one \$13 billion oil sands plant.

Most of that money would be spent *in Canada*. Skills, machinery, building material would be purchased across Canada. Jobs would be created. Many people would enjoy improved incomes and, in turn, spend on clothes, houses, food, vacations – a ripple effect that could reach every corner of the land.

"A little bit of luck"

Reaching oil self-sufficiency – and enjoying these benefits – will call for a total effort by every company in the oil industry and for foreign as well as Canadian investment capital.

† To give some idea of the immense numbers involved, consider it in terms of time, say seconds. A million seconds is almost 12 days. A billion seconds is over thirty-one years.



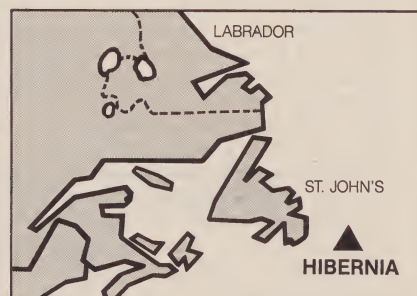
This "circular pyramid" is one of the early concepts for bringing oil up safely from beneath the Beaufort Sea. New and bolder ideas to cope with the colossal force of the Arctic icepack are still being considered by Gulf experts. Whatever the ultimate solution, hundreds of millions of dollars will be invested before a single barrel of crude can reach the consumer.

Gulf Canada has played, and can continue to play a key role in this effort. We have assembled a team of scientists—geologists, geophy-

sicists, engineers and other experts who have demonstrated their ability to work together as an effective team. They have played an instru-

mental part in some of Canada's most important oil finds. The search for and discovery of oil is an act of faith supported by knowledge, instinct, money—and a little bit of luck. Gulf risks millions on geological theories. Off the coast of Newfoundland, in the Beaufort Sea and in the Arctic Islands where we and our partners have made significant new discoveries, these risks have been justified.

"We are motivated by the business we are in—the energy business," says John Stoik. "We take personally our obligation to help Canada achieve its goal of oil self-sufficiency in the earliest possible time. We want to help assure that our country will continue to have a buoyant economy and will benefit from its wealth of natural resources."



For more than two decades Gulf experts have been looking for oil and gas in frontier areas. In the early 1970's Gulf became a major explorer of the sea bed off the coast of Newfoundland.

Until alternate energy sources are developed or until they become economically viable, the country's most urgent need is to discover new oil. All Canadians should encourage this search that will brighten our future.



GULF CANADA LIMITED

The Future Perspective

To paraphrase the title of a best-selling book of some years back, Atlantic Canada suffers from Present Shock rather than Future Shock. It is impossible to avoid the reality of the present economic conditions. The next six months will be extremely hard for the region as inflation rates increase, and the recessionary impact being felt in the U.S. sweeps into Canada, depressing prospects for real growth. This is the shock of the present.

Underlying this gloomy picture remains the sense of optimism for the future. This is based on the over \$30 billion of major projects on the books for the region. (These will be described in an upcoming APEC *Atlantic Report*.) Governments and businesses share a sense of frustration at the delay in launching these projects as the region pauses in the development path. In looking forward, it is important both to watch the path immediately ahead as well as to keep one eye on the horizon. The short-term downturn in the provincial economies will give way, in mid or late 1982, to a period of growth. The planning by business and government should not only be focused on surviving the next months, but also on capturing the future promise. To the extent possible, the delays in the region's future development projects should be used as a time of preparation for the growth ahead. Everything from manpower training programs to the necessary expansion of industrial plant and equipment can use this delay in development to ensure maximum preparedness.

In some aspects, the economies of the four Atlantic provinces are expected to perform better than the national average in the year ahead.

The gross national product of Canada is forecast, by APEC, to achieve only 1.5 per cent real growth in 1982. However, the economies of New Brunswick and Newfoundland are expected to grow by 2 per cent and 2.5 per cent respectively. Nova Scotia's 1982 growth should match the national average and Prince Edward Island is expected to show no real growth.

The slowdown, or recession, now

being felt in the U.S. and developing in Canada is expected to remain at least until mid-1982, when a slow recovery process may begin. The low dollar value will continue to provide some strength to the resource sectors despite the similar recessionary conditions of our major customers. Newfoundland will lead the region in growth again in 1982. This growth will stem from some of its primary resource exports, increased offshore exploration activity and most significantly the potential start of a major power project. New Brunswick will hold down number two position with some of the major construction projects, such as the Mitel plant and the new zinc smelter, offsetting problems in the forest sector and general economic slowdown. Nova Scotia's growth will again reflect an expected strength in some of the primary resource industries but only a marginal increase in construction and manufacturing. The completion of the new Michelin plant will also help the economy. Despite strong gains in farm production, and tourism, the Prince Edward Island economy is expected to exhibit no real growth in 1982, as general recessionary conditions hold the Island's economy back.

Largely as a result of the new energy pricing agreements, coupled with the value of the Canadian dollar compared to the U.S. dollar, inflation will remain high in Canada for most of 1982. When the U.S. de-regulated oil prices in 1979 and allowed them to move to world prices, the inflation rate jumped sharply. We can expect to match this experience as our economy adjusts to higher oil prices. The four Atlantic provinces traditionally display higher inflation rates than the national average. Therefore, inflation as measured by the consumer price index

could range from 14.5 to 15.5 per cent for 1982. This high inflation rate in association with the general slowdown in the economy will result in another year of decline in retail sales for the region.

The number of large projects currently under way and planned for a 1982 start-up should keep employment growth up in the Atlantic region, offsetting, somewhat, the gloomy short-term outlook and expected high unemployment rates. APEC projects that new job creation in New Brunswick, Newfoundland and Nova Scotia will exceed the national average. The Canadian employment figure is only expected to increase by 1 per cent as manufacturing and service industries bear the brunt of inflation. By contrast, the opportunities in the primary resource sectors and several construction projects should provide some growth in the east. New Brunswick, with the most impressive array of major projects now under way or positioned for start-up in 1982, should experience an employment growth of 2.8 per cent.

Newfoundland, with increased exploration and related offshore activity, in conjunction with a potential start-up of a major power project, will experience the second-highest growth rate of 1.8 per cent. Nova Scotia will increase its employment by 1.2 per cent and Prince Edward Island will experience a marginal increase in employment of about 0.2 per cent.

APEC's forecasts for the economic performance of the four provincial economies in 1982 are not, therefore, as bright in the short-term as we would like. In the context of the expected economic performance of the country, however, they represent a respectable achievement. If viewed from a longer range perspective, 1982 can be seen as a pause in economic activity preceding a period of significant real growth for the Atlantic community.

There are two ways of looking ahead—one way considers what the future *might hold*, the other way looks at what the future *can hold*. It is important that we in Atlantic Canada look at what the future *can hold* because this implies identification of opportunities and action by governments and businesses to realize the promise of tomorrow. ■





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Will inter-union warfare scuttle the fiery Mathilda Blanchard?

N.B.'s icon-breaking champion of fish plant workers has been a major force in the province's labor movement. Now, she could be out in the cold

Nine years ago this month, some of Canada's most prominent politicians attended a public meeting in Bathurst, N.B., to talk about the staggering unemployment problem on New Brunswick's north shore. Jean Marchand, then the prime minister's right-hand man, was there. So were the federal Conservative and NDP leaders, Robert Stanfield and David Lewis, and N.B. Premier Richard Hatfield. The speeches did not impress the crowd of several hundred people, who were looking for concrete solutions. Soon, the audience began heckling, and then chanting: "*Ecoutez les ouvriers!*" (Listen to the workers!) and "*On veut Mathilda!*" (We want Mathilda!). Exasperated, the chairman gave in, and a woman in a snowmobile suit strode out of the audience and onto the stage. With a sweep of her hand, she launched into a tirade. "These guys"—politicians—had caused the economic ills by mismanaging the forest, fishing, farm and mining resources, she said. If they couldn't guarantee jobs, they should guarantee an annual income, she said. The crowd roared its approval. "*Ecoutez les ouvriers!*" they shouted. Now it meant, "Listen to Mathilda!"

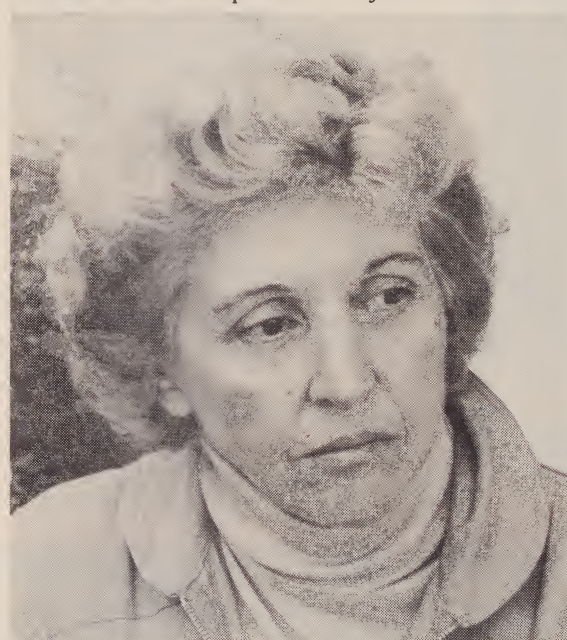
Had she been born in another time and place, Mathilda Blanchard might easily have become as powerful as the politicians onstage that day. But she was born in Caraquet in the late 1920s. And the causes she championed—Acadian French-language rights, workers' rights, the right to dissent without reprisals, women's rights—were, for much of her life, lost causes.

She won a name as a breaker of icons who shook her fist in the faces of the mighty, and she attained influence in the labor movement. But this winter, Blanchard is out in the cold again. The Halifax-based Canadian Seafood and Allied Workers' Union dumped her as its N.B. representative—a position she held for 11 years. The firing came after some French-speaking fish plant workers in New Brunswick began breaking away from CSAWU to form their own union, the Syndicat Acadien des Travailleurs Affiliés et des Pêches (SATAP). Lawrence Wilneff of Lunenburg, N.S., president of the seafood union, refuses to discuss the reasons for Blanchard's dismissal, but he says his union is determined

to fight the expansion of SATAP. Blanchard says the English-speaking Nova Scotians who run the seafood union have only themselves to blame for the breakaway, but "they put the whole blame on me."

The seafood union consists of 6,000 members, mostly from the south shore of Nova Scotia and the north shore of New Brunswick. Culturally, Blanchard says, the two groups could be from different planets. "Half understand English and half understand French. They don't understand each other. It's a Tower of Babel."

Blanchard's sharp sense of injustice



Blanchard: "Working for the workers"

was whetted early. When her father, a farmer who earned needed extra income from political jobs such as taking the census, ran for Parliament in 1935 as a Tory in the bedrock Grit riding of Gloucester, he received threats. "They told him, 'You will starve,'" she says. The school system let her learn in her native French, but gave exams for junior high and high school diplomas in English. She enrolled in New Brunswick's only Normal School, which was English, to study physical education.

During the Second World War, Blanchard spray-painted trucks in Windsor, Ont., for the African campaign, and then

became a paint inspector on an airplane assembly line in Montreal, going to hair-dressing classes after her 12-hour all-night shifts. In 1947, back home, she married a combat veteran. She had four children in four years—one baby died—and then her husband spent five years in hospital, recovering from war injuries and TB. (The couple subsequently separated.)

Alone, with no support, Blanchard built a huge house and opened a hair-dressing salon. In 1960, she campaigned for the PCs in an election.

"I was the first woman on television making speeches, going out with the men on the hustings," she says. The "gossips" had a field day. "They thought, since I was separated from my husband that I was going out to get one or many men. They considered me a very bad woman." The situation might have been humorous, but her political affiliation made matters worse. "They ran down my business. They wanted me to leave or they wanted me to starve, just as they did with my father." In June, 1960, her monthly income fell to \$75 as her customers vanished.

There were other repercussions. Her children were harassed at school. "One day a janitor took Louise by the throat and started to choke her," Blanchard says. She sent Louise (today Parti Acadien leader) to a Tracadie convent and put Michel (prominent in the Université de Moncton students agitation in the late Sixties) in a Memramcook private school. Meanwhile, her customers trickled back. Amid rinse and set, fishpackers confided in her. One complained of having no drinking water at her plant. Others asked Blanchard to do their income taxes. Union locals invited her to take their minutes. In 1966, she was elected president of a small north shore union.

In 1970, believing bigger is better, she encouraged the merger with the larger seafood union. During the decade, membership among the 20 plants in her area ballooned, but wages in these seasonal operations did not keep pace with those in the year-round N.S. plants. Last year, some workers asked her to organize an independent union—SATAP—but she refused. They went ahead anyway. Blanchard felt the heat from Halifax. "I was caught between two fires," she says.

For now, Blanchard remains the elected president of seafood union locals, but she hasn't ruled out a switch to SATAP. "I don't feel I'm working for a union," she says. "I'm working for the workers."

— Jon Everett

The man in the orange nylon suit

Peter Benedict almost died on the frozen waters of a Labrador lake. That's why he started selling helicopter crash survival

It's not the helicopter crash itself that bothers Peter Benedict. Miraculously, perhaps because they hit without warning, he and the three others flying over Lake Melville survived the impact of their Bell 206-L slamming full speed into the snow-covered ice, cartwheeling several hundred feet and dissolving into an unrecognizable tangle. It's that their rescue was an accident. By rights they should have perished out there, injured on the ice on the brink of a three-day blizzard. That's the disturbing part, and that's what led Benedict into his unusual business: Beating a lonely drum in

prevent them from bleeding to death. Benedict, who had snapped his back and could hardly move, managed to sew up the badly cut arm of one of his team and used his camera to record the miserable scene. Only the pilot could walk, but a blow to his head had left him confused and disoriented. He spent an hour looking through the wreckage for the emergency locator transmitter (ELT) he had himself removed from the craft that morning before they left Goose airport. (Federal authorities ordered removal of ELTs for a brief period in 1978 because of dangerous battery problems.)

The men spent five hours on the ice. Just before dark, a small plane on an unscheduled flight noticed their flares and radioed a dispatcher at Goose Bay that he had spotted a couple of snowmobilers stranded on the ice. The dispatcher called another helicopter company, which sent out a craft to investigate. Until that pilot got out of his helicopter, no one knew there had been a crash. It was a freak rescue and, because no one died, there was no official inquiry, only a report by the pilot.

"I took a pretty strong interest in helicopters from that point on," Benedict says. He looked at the safety record of helicopters in the North Sea oil industry and what he learned was startling: Getting to and from the rig is the most dangerous part of offshore work.

Discounting an extraordinary rig collapse in March, 1980, when 123 men died, helicopter ditchings in the cold North Sea waters have killed more people in the past decade than any other type of accident in those oilfields. Benedict also learned helicopter ditchings increase with flying hours. Some of the ditchings are caused by mechanical problems. But sometimes, pilots disoriented by bad weather or heavy fog ditch their machines deliberately. The implications for the relatively young offshore industry on Canada's east coast are obvious.

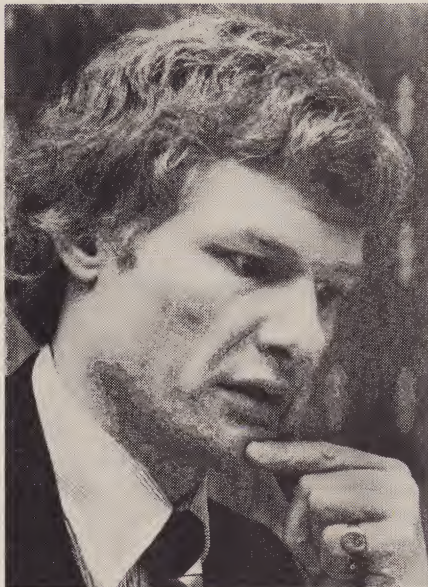
"What I've tried to do here is to get people to see what can occur and to learn from the North Sea experience," Benedict says. "Just because we haven't had any yet, we cannot say there won't be helicopter ditchings here. There will be ditchings."

The main problem is to keep people dry while they await rescue. In March, 1980, two years after the Labrador crash, Benedict set up a business called Safety Offshore Services to supply cold-water survival suits to helicopter companies and rig contractors. The suits—light-

weight, one-piece, bright orange garments made of polyurethane-coated nylon—are the same model the North Sea industry has adopted. SOS rents out the suits, cleans and maintains them, inspects each one before every issue, keeps track of where it's been and how it's been repaired. The company also supplies a videotape to show passengers how to use the suits.

"We had to give them away initially," Benedict says. "We started by going to one helicopter company and asking, 'You want us to clean those suits?' They thought we were crazy." He took them home and washed them in his basement. This year, he says, "we're not losing money." Companies operating offshore from Newfoundland and Nova Scotia rent about 700 suits today, and Benedict is "drawing a bead" on the U.S.-based exploration of Georges Bank.

Benedict no longer works out of his basement. In addition to Safety Offshore Services, Ice Engineering Ltd. continues to survey icebergs, and another company, SOSCOM, supplies movie tapes to drill rigs and remote supply bases. In a few months, he'll be pushing a special oil executive paging system linking St. John's, Halifax and Calgary. He also plans to build a cold-water dunk tank with a helicopter fuselage that can be tipped and rotated, to train rig personnel



BARRETT/PHOTON

Benedict: "There will be ditchings"

support of better helicopter safety techniques.

On March 4, 1978, Benedict and two other ice engineers chartered a helicopter at Goose Bay to fly them to the east end of Lake Melville to survey thick ice ridges that form in midwinter at a narrow point in the lake. These ridges are a major barrier to year-round shipping in Labrador, and Benedict planned to use a sound-wave device to determine the shape of the ice, to see if it would be possible to blast open a passage. About half an hour out, the pilot, flying by visual flight rules at 1,000 feet, headed out across the frozen lake. Steadily, imperceptibly, he began to lose altitude. Whiteout is a common cause of winter aviation accidents, but the pilot wasn't watching his altimeter. It was less than a minute before they crashed.

All four men suffered serious injuries, but the weather was cold enough to



The crash he'll never forget

in ditching and survival procedures.

Business, says the engineer, "is really fun. But there's also something reassuring about dealing with people who are really concerned, when the outcome of your discussion is whether or not a life can be saved by changing some procedure or piece of equipment." He'll never forget how he almost lost his own life.

— Amy Zierler





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Las Vegas, Loss Vegas... It's the city gambling built

You can tell your friends you're going to Las Vegas just to see a big-name Hollywood-style show or to catch a championship sporting event. You might even believe it yourself. But sooner or later you'll have to pass a casino. Las Vegas counts on it. And that's what makes the city rich

By Stephen Kimber

C'mon baby, you can do it. One more time," he implores in the fevered tones that Southern preachers save for nights when the air is sticky-steamy and the tent is full of sinful souls in search of salvation. But the man is not a preacher, the place is anything but a tent and these sinful souls aren't looking for eternal salvation. Far from it. The man is standing at a craps table in the middle of the Aladdin Hotel's sumptuous, climate-controlled casino in the heart of the Las Vegas gambling strip. And it isn't night at all, but 8:30 in the morning. Outside, the temperature has passed 75 degrees fahrenheit on its swift journey to a sweltering high of 87 degrees. Las Vegas, the guidebooks will tell you, has 335 such scorching days a year. But the man in the casino doesn't care about guidebooks or sunshine. He hasn't stepped outside since the cab whisked him here

from the airport a dozen hours ago.

In real life, he is an anesthesiologist from Abilene, Texas, with a wife and three kids, two cars and a whopping mortgage on a new house he can't really afford. But real life, like clocks and the morning sun, isn't welcome in Las Vegas casinos and so, for the rest of the week that he's in town for his professional association's annual convention, the man will wear an oversized cowboy hat, smoke a fat cigar, flash a diamond pinky ring and pretend that he is one of Las Vegas' high-living, high-rolling, big-time gamblers. He's been coming here once a year for the past five years. And he hasn't won yet.

So far on this trip, he hasn't left the Aladdin's Persian-style casino. During the night he won a little at roulette, lost a lot at blackjack. He brought a \$5,000 stake from home and had gone through most of it by the time he started winning

Night on the Strip: Champagne dreams

again at craps a few hours ago. Now, he's won back his stake and a little extra. He is, he announces to anyone who will listen, on a roll. A smattering of late-nighters and early-risers gather to watch the action at the table. He gives the dice in his cupped hands a final, blessing gaze and sends them skittering across the green felt table top. The whistles and cheers of the crowd tell him, without looking, that he is still winning. "My kids," he says grandly, "are going to have champagne with their orange juice next week. I can feel it in my bones." The croupier scoops the dice back to the gambler. He doesn't smile. He has seen this before.

The slight, tired woman beside the gambler has seen it before too. She is his wife, a woman equally uneasy with victory or defeat, and she wishes she were asleep. She touches his sleeve. "Just one more hour, Ellie," he pleads in a voice suddenly more childlike whine than brimstone sermon. "Just another hour and then we'll go to bed. I promise."

He is gone in half that time and so, too, are the crowds, the winnings and the stake he brought from Abilene. There'll be no champagne next week and maybe no orange juice either. As he and his wife shamble, exhausted, to the hotel elevator, the croupier draws back the dice and allows himself a wordless smile. He has seen it all before and the script never changes.

Las Vegas, the city that local newspaper columnist Ralph Pearl calls a "polygamous, orgiastic and world-famous money machine," got that way by a combination of the champagne dreams of anesthesiologists from Abilene and the sobering reality that all gamblers eventually leave more at the tables than they take away. Last year, more than 11 million visitors—650,000 of them conventioners—spent more than \$2 billion on blackjack, baccarat, one-armed bandits and a dozen or so other games of chance in which the chances were that the gambler would lose. And those hordes of tourists and their bundles of loot made Las Vegas the United States' busiest resort city as well as one of its five fastest-growing urban areas.

"This really is the land of opportunity," the cabbie tells me in his still unleavened Brooklyn accent. He's a 28-year-old former New Yorker who moved his family here six months ago "to get away from all the niggers and spics. They own New York now, you know." In Las Vegas, he says, he already has a house just outside the city and his two children go to a school that is far better and far safer than the one they left behind in New York. What's more, he knows a friend who knows a guy who can get him a job at a casino in a few months. But despite all that, he says he hates Las Vegas. "What can you say, you know what I mean? I mean, this isn't..." His hands silently sweep the downtown expanse of Fremont Street where the millions of unblinking neon light bulbs seem desperately out of place in the blaze of the midday sun. "I mean, it isn't New York," he says finally, "it isn't *anywhere*."

It certainly isn't anywhere you'd recognize. Physically, Las Vegas is a garish neon blob of rainbow color plopped without obvious reason at the edge of a great grey-brown hotplate of a desert. Psychologically too, the place defies conventional wisdom. Where else but in Las Vegas could you feel snugly safe while wandering the downtown streets at three in the morning but fear for your life while sleeping in your hotel room bed at noon? Where else would a hotel busboy explain that he had accidentally set the fire that killed eight people in the Las Vegas Hilton last year because he was smoking a marijuana cigarette while having a homosexual liaison with a hotel guest? And where else but Las Vegas would the busboy be charged with arson because his story seemed too obvious an alibi to be believed?

Las Vegas is a crazy, weird, fascinating, frightening, unique and utterly engrossing place that everyone—even non-gamblers—should visit. Once. Just to see how the other 2% live. I went there last spring, not to gamble but to take in a boxing match. In Las Vegas, boxing is considered a loss-leader, an attraction designed to lure potential customers into the casinos where, it is assumed, they will gamble and lose. I'm no gambler. I set aside \$20 to have a little fun at the slot

machines and solemnly promised myself not to spend a penny more. On my first crank of the slot machine handle, however, I won \$20. There is something sweetly seductive about the hollow, metallic sound of \$20 worth of quarters spitting out of a slot machine. Las Vegas, I decided, might not be all bad.

Las Vegas is much more than an Alice's Restaurant of pleasures that would be called vices in Fredericton or Charlottetown; it's also a city of incredibly ironic contrasts. It claims to have both more churches and more prostitutes than any other similar-sized city in the world. And, for a city that sees itself as a winner, its heroes—men like Murder Inc. mobster Bugsy Siegel, whose lavish Flamingo Hotel set the garish style for Strip hotels during the 1940s before he was gunned down by gangster colleagues; and legendary gambler Nick the Greek, who reputedly won more than \$600 million during his 60-year career at the tables and racetracks, but finally lost it all and died broke—were inevitably losers. And Las Vegas is also the only city in the world in which a legless woman named "wheelchair Julie," who refuses to accept welfare, could be arrested on Fremont Street for "loitering with intent to beg," while a popular entertainer named Neil Diamond could walk away from the Aladdin Hotel's 7,500-seat Theatre for the Performing Arts with \$650,000 for four nights' worth of singing.

Six-hundred-and-fifty-thousand dollars may seem like a lot of money, but it's small change in Las Vegas, where even big-name entertainers aren't the principal attraction. Like the all-you-can-eat, 99-cent buffet breakfasts served 24 hours a day in some downtown hotels; the quickie wedding chapels ("featured on the Dinah Shore show," brags one, while another, which says it has been "sincere and dignified since 1954," offers private parking and 24-hour service); and even the dozens of anything-goes "massage" operations which offer hotel-room service, the entertainers are merely come-ons for the real business of Las Vegas. Which is gambling.

I had two quarters in change from lunch at the hotel coffee shop, and since the slot machines were on my way out, I tried my luck. No luck. I went to the lady at the change counter and handed her a \$5 bill. "Quarters, please," I said.

When Nevada legalized gambling and liberalized divorce laws in 1931, Las Vegas was little more than a dusty whistle stop on the San Pedro, Los Angeles and Salt Lake railroad line, its principal attraction an abundant supply

of artesian water. Founded in 1855 by Mormon missionaries who had been sent there in an unsuccessful effort to convert the Paiute Indians and tame the land for farming, Las Vegas' road to gambling riches was paved during the 1930s by the government pay cheques of 5,000 construction workers, brought into the area to build the massive Hoover Dam project. They transformed Las Vegas from what a contemporary observer called a "frowsy procession of broken-down stores [with] a few visitors availing themselves of the privilege of playing faro, roulette, 21, fantan and keno without being apprehended by the law" into a bustling, good-time gambling city. Casino owners soon began hiring

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The sweet, seductive sound of slot machines

"fancy lady singers from Chicago and New Orleans to entertain the gaming folks."

In the 50 years since then, Las Vegas has hardly taken a backward peek. What had been a futureless community of fewer than 6,000 people before legalized gambling is now a thriving metropolis of 400,000. And growing. Today, according to Nevada Governor Robert List, 25% of the state's work force earns its living from the gaming business and another 25% from the tourist trade. And more than half the state's revenues—\$169.7 million last year—comes from gambling

TRAVEL

licences and taxes. "Gaming," the governor allows, "is Nevada's lifeblood."

In Las Vegas, gaming is also inescapable. At the city's McCarran International Airport, where nearly half of Las Vegas' visitors arrive, you must pass a line of one-armed bandits to get to the luggage carousel. At Las Vegas hotels, you are forced to pick your way gingerly around the blackjack tables and past the roulette wheels to get into the dinner theatres to see the advertised entertainment. Even at the local K-Mart, incredibly, you also have to negotiate a bank of strategically placed slot machines just to do your shopping.

You can—many do—gamble non-stop in Las Vegas. You can play keno (a Chinese-style bingo game) while eating breakfast in the hotel coffee shop, spend the morning pulling the levers on some of the city's 60,000 one-armed bandits, skip

There are, as one guide book admits, no slot machines there.

I'd originally planned to take the four-hour, \$16 bus tour to see the dam but changed my mind at the last minute. I would spend the money at the slot machines and go tomorrow with my winnings. Like plenty of others before me, I had begun to buy Las Vegas' eternal promise: That the Big Score is always just one more bet away.

"Hi," she said as she sat down at the bar stool beside me. I'd seen her a few minutes earlier talking with a man in a cowboy hat at another of the bars that ring the gaming tables at Caesars Palace casino. But the man in the hat was gone now. "Hi," I said. "You here for the fight?" she asked. I nodded. She was a tall, slim brunette with the tanned good looks


Vegas Yellow Pages. It's Legal in Nevada ("Confidential, discreet") is the less than subtle name of one, while another is called Good Time Girls ("We deliver the goods"). You can also pick up any of the half-dozen free adult entertainment guides conveniently located in street-corner newsboxes for directions to one of the legal brothels in nearby Nye County. "We love our customers," says an ad for the Cherry Patch Ranch, which offers free limousine service and takes both Visa and MasterCard.

The woman beside me, I was sure, didn't accept credit cards. "You ever been with a working girl before?" she asked. "You should, you know," she suggested in a voice that was unmistakably Southern, "you might like it." Her price was a "non-negotiable" \$100 for an hour or \$300 for the whole night. We settled, in the end, on \$20 for 20 minutes' worth of conversation. It was early, she allowed, and most of the big spenders were probably still at the tables.

"No, not like that," she commanded when I tried to hand her the \$20 across the bar. "Never let them see you giving me money," she explained, simultaneously pushing my hand under the bar and taking the \$20. She smiled at the bartender. "No one really cares what you do around here as long as they don't see money change hands. That's just the way it is."

Her name, she said, was Sharon, and she'd come to Las Vegas two years ago from Dallas by way of Florida. "I was working as a bartender in Florida and I had this girlfriend who used to fly out to Vegas for long weekends. Then one day she told me she was moving out here for good and said I should come too. I said, 'What would I do out there?' 'Same as me,' she said. And that's what I been doing." She smiled, lit a cigarette. Last year she made \$120,000, tax free. In two years, when she is 23, she will retire. "I'm going to open up a dress shop, maybe in California. I like California." She will not stay in Las Vegas. "Nobody stays here unless they have to. Or unless they gamble."

Our 20 minutes were up. "You sure you don't want to change your mind now?" she asks again. "I could give you something to write about." I took my last \$20 instead and gave it to the change lady for two more rolls of quarters. I tried playing two slot machines simultaneously. My arms hurt and I began to wonder if I should give up on the slot machines and try roulette or blackjack instead. Then, suddenly, I was down to one last quarter. Should I save it for the machines at the airport or try again on the machine that had just gobbled up my money? I decided to try to win my money back. It was the wrong decision. I checked my wallet again to make sure I hadn't hidden any other bills there.

It was time, I realized, to get out of Las Vegas. I'm no gambler. 



DAVID MAENZA/IMAGE BANK

The big show goes on...but takes second bill to gambling

lunch and place a bet on your favorite football team at the legal bookmakers before passing the afternoon enjoying a floating crap game in a hotel pool. Later, you can even try to work your way through every roulette wheel in the entire city. For many, between the time the sun disappears and returns, the gambling becomes obsessive. The proprietors of the Landmark Hotel almost lost their collective shirt when they decided to locate a casino on the 29th floor of the hotel in the mistaken belief that gamblers might like to see the city while they lost their money. They didn't, so the hotel's owners quickly moved the casino back to a windowless ground-level location. If further evidence is needed to prove that gambling is Las Vegas' only attraction, the Hoover Dam, just 25 miles away, provides it. The massive, 70-storey-high structure, with its ornate architecture, is touted by the tour books as "one of the Wonders of the World." But fewer than five of every 100 visitors to Las Vegas bother to see it.

of a woman who spent all her afternoons by the pool. "What time is the fight?" In about two hours, I told her. She smiled thoughtfully and rested an elegant, red-fingernailed hand on my thigh. "That's a long time," she said. "You know what I think? I think you should have a party. I like parties." Her hand gave my thigh a squeeze. I giggled.

It wasn't that I hadn't encountered a Las Vegas prostitute before. You can't walk a block from your hotel at night without being advised solicitously, "You shouldn't be alone tonight, honey. Why don't you let me make you happy?" Hooking is, if not an actively encouraged, honorable profession, at least one passively tolerated by everyone in authority in Las Vegas. The result is that the city has a reputation as one of the easiest places in the world in which to purchase sexual favors. You can even do it in the comfort of your hotel room by letting your fingers do the walking through the nine pages of "massage services" listings in the Las

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Chicken à la Charles

Charles Wiesner is a Czech-born, Fredericton-based organic chemist. He's also one heck of a man in the kitchen. If you think his chicken paprikash is good, wait'll you try his black bean chicken

By Colleen Thompson

When Charles Wiesner comes to your house for dinner he brings his own pot, sharp knives, a couple of hens, and maybe a pound of paprika. He is ready to whip up his version of chicken paprikash, and no dinner guest could be more welcome. A graduate of the University of New Brunswick with a PhD in organic chemistry, Charles has unusual credentials for combining ingredients. His first recipe, however—which he whipped up at age five, shortly after his family arrived in Fredericton from Czechoslovakia—was not successful. He liked Worcestershire sauce and he liked canned corn kernels so he just poured the sauce on the kernels and heated them up.

But neither that failure nor his professional interest in disrupting the mating process of the spruce budworm have dimmed his interest in the culinary arts.

"Cooking is a lot like organic chemistry," he says. "It's not all purely mechanical. Sometimes there's a gut feeling about what's going to work. It's quite often more art than science."

Simplicity is one key to his success in the kitchen. Since both he and his wife, Sue, work away from the house all day, he plans meals that are not only hearty, balanced and tasty but also fairly easy to prepare. "It's wonderful," Sue says, "to come home from the office and put up my feet while my husband takes over the kitchen." Even 10-year-old Miro, a sometimes bacon addict, likes his father's cooking, "especially his black bean chicken."

In the Czech manner, Charles laces some dishes with caraway seed, but he's far from a slave to traditional Czech cookery. Chicken paprikash, for instance, is Hungarian, and he enjoys the cuisine of many other countries as well. He designed the family kitchen—it's strong on inlaid wood and ceramic tile—and watching him at work there is like watching a frenzied surgeon on TV's *MASH*. His flashing knives dismantle chickens, and with a flair he says he inherited from his Slovak forbears, he deftly chops onion, celery, mushrooms, tomatoes, radishes, anything that seems to be in the way. While peering into pots, working his way around visitors, checking stove dials, he chats agreeably, occasionally requests another scotch.

Out of this happy chaos emerges a dinner that's aromatic, satisfying to the

most demanding gourmand, complete with salad, side dishes and dessert. Accompanied by wine, laughter, passionate conversation, dinner at the Wiesner's home, which overlooks the shimmering Nashwaak River, is always memorable. It may be even better than a Charles Wiesner dinner in your own home.

Chicken Paprikash à la Charles

- 2 small broilers
- 1 tbsp. butter
- 3 med. onions, chopped
- 2 tbsp. Hungarian paprika
- 1 tbsp. vinegar
- ½ tsp. sugar
- salt and pepper to taste
- 1 tbsp. flour
- ½ cup canned chicken broth
- ½ cup sour cream

Cut broilers into serving pieces and remove skin. Cook butter and onions together for 10 minutes, stir in paprika and cook briefly. Add chicken, vinegar, sugar, salt and pepper. Cover and cook slowly for 20 minutes, turning once or twice to coat with paprika mixture. Add flour stirred into chicken broth, cover and cook slowly until tender (about 20 minutes). Stir in sour cream, reheat and serve over egg noodles. Serves 6.

Chicken in Black Bean Sauce

- 1 good-sized broiler
- 2 tbsp. oil
- 3 large garlic cloves
- 1 generous tbsp. minced black beans (dry fermented soy beans obtainable at Chinese grocery stores)
- 1 ½ cups canned chicken broth
- 1 tsp. sugar
- 2 tbsp. cornstarch
- ¼ cup soy sauce
- ¼ cup chopped scallions or onion

With a heavy knife or cleaver cut up the chicken and then chop into walnut-sized pieces (this releases the flavor from the bones). Heat oil in large pot, add minced garlic cloves, minced black beans. When garlic turns golden, add chicken and brown over high heat, tossing frequently. Add canned chicken broth and sugar, bring to boil, then cover and simmer 20 minutes. Add cornstarch stirred into soy sauce. Simmer and stir until thickened. Add chopped scallions and serve over rice. Serves 4.

Asparagus Alla Capri

- 2 lbs. fresh asparagus
 - 6 eggs
 - ¾ lb. butter
 - freshly grated Parmesan cheese (to taste)
- Wash asparagus and trim the lower



Wiesner chops like a frenzied surgeon

part of the stalks. Tie in ½-lb. bundles and stand upright in a deep pan with one cup of boiling salted water. (This is the proper way, although it can be cooked horizontally in a roaster with a small amount of water.) Cook well covered until just tender (10-15 minutes). Drain well, but carefully, so as not to break the spears. During the last 5 minutes, fry one large egg per person in a very generous amount of butter (the eggs should almost be poached in butter). When the whites are just firm and the yolks still liquid, arrange each serving of asparagus neatly on a plate and slide an egg on it. Drizzle remaining butter over all. Top with Parmesan cheese.

Crème Caramel

- ½ cup sugar
- ½ cup water
- 2 cups milk
- 1 tsp. vanilla
- ½ cup sugar
- 2 eggs plus 2 extra yolks

Boil sugar and water in heavy saucepan until the sugar dissolves. Continue boiling syrup carefully until it turns dark golden brown (about 10 minutes). Pour caramel into a 1-qt. mould and swirl to coat the bottom and sides. Keep swirling until syrup hardens. In a large saucepan heat milk almost to a boil, add vanilla and remove from heat. Beat together sugar, eggs and extra yolks until well mixed. Pour in hot milk while mixing or beating constantly. Strain through a fine sieve into the caramelized mould. Set the mould in a pan and place in preheated 325° F. oven. Pour boiling water into the pan until halfway up the side. Bake the custard until a knife inserted comes out clean (1 hour or more depending on the shape of the mould). Chill thoroughly (4-5 hours), then unmould by running a knife around the sides, dipping the bottom of the mould in hot water and sharply inverting over a chilled serving plate. Serves 6.





The magical, mystery sea world of Heidi Oberheide

Her St. Michaels, Nfld., printshop is a haven for visiting students and artists. Her own retreat, the seashore, inspires stunning portraits of the most elusive qualities of the living sea

By Amy Zierler

Heidi Oberheide lives in a small, red wooden house that she designed and built a few years ago on a point of land at St. Michaels, Nfld. It's a simple house, undramatic except for its many windows, most of which overlook the sea and the islands close to shore. Huge colonies of sea birds—puffins, kittiwakes and petrels—nest on the islands every summer, filling the landscape with color and movement. Whales also come close to shore in summer, and two minke whales fed in the waters below Oberheide's house for a month last year. Inside, the house is filled with leafy plants and the salt-bleached vertebrae of humpbacks, minke whales and porpoise whales that hang from roof beams by invisible

thread.

But it's from the living sea outside that Oberheide draws the images for her uncommon art. On her daily walks along the shore, she drinks in the colors, light and textures of the water and sea life. Back inside, she translates them into stunning paper portraits of the most elusive qualities in the sea.

"One day, I remember, I went back out and looked at the sea and I saw that the color I had used this morning was the color of the water I had seen earlier," she says. "I wasn't aware of trying to reproduce this color. I'm just absorbing all this information. That's the thing."

Oberheide is a warm, eager person but she does not talk easily about her work. Her expressiveness seems to come

She translates the sea's independent life

from some secret place that even she doesn't quite understand or control. Comparing the brighter colors in recent drawings to the dark blues and purples she used in a series about the beaching of a school of porpoise whales at Point au Gaul (Burin Peninsula), she says, "But those were dead and dying animals," as if she had no choice in the manner of painting them.

That's the magic that comes through in her drawings and lithographs. The sea has not always been her chief subject, but its independent life, its liquid mysteries attract her now. In her current series of large, multimedia drawings, the recognizable images come from photographs she took on a ferry trip down the north Labrador coast last summer. There are icebergs, whales, fish, seal skeletons, nets and fishermen at work, but they are ghostly silhouettes in pools of blue, green and rosy purple light. They are, in fact, photographic images, placed directly on the paper by use of sensitizing chemicals. Then she works into the images with colored pencil and acrylic paint to re-create the sea's intangible textures. The result is subtle and powerful. When these "works on paper," as she


calls them, are complete, Oberheide will write their lyrical titles ("A black shape surfaces, blows, adds mist to mist") across the last layer of paint or graphite.

"I'm not a realist," she says. "I would find it too tedious to produce images that way. This process is exciting. It's more instant, and I like to produce." Productive she is. Since settling in Newfoundland 10 years ago, she's had seven solo exhibitions and participated in more than 20 group shows. Her work sells well. (Large drawings at her last show in St. John's went for about \$400 each.)

Born in Germany, Oberheide came to Newfoundland after studying printmaking at Southern Illinois University in the U.S. The environment in Newfoundland was "so stimulating, my work just took off." She doesn't suffer from dry spells, either. "I feel this strong need to constantly work," she says.

Balancing her jealously guarded privacy at the headland is the St. Michaels Printshop, a workshop for artist-printmakers housed since 1974 in a former schoolhouse just a short walk from her house. The printshop runs on money from the Canada Council and Memorial University's extension service, and Oberheide has been resident printmaker since it opened. She maintains the shop, buys supplies, teaches, organizes classes and juggles the schedules of visiting artists who come from across Canada, Europe and the United States to work in the quiet setting Oberheide enjoys every day. The printshop gave her a job, but that wasn't her only reason for setting it up. "One of the most important aspects of the shop is that community feeling," she says. "Newfoundland is extremely isolated. For me, and for other artists, to remain here and work, we need outside stimulation. It's absolutely essential that exchange take place."

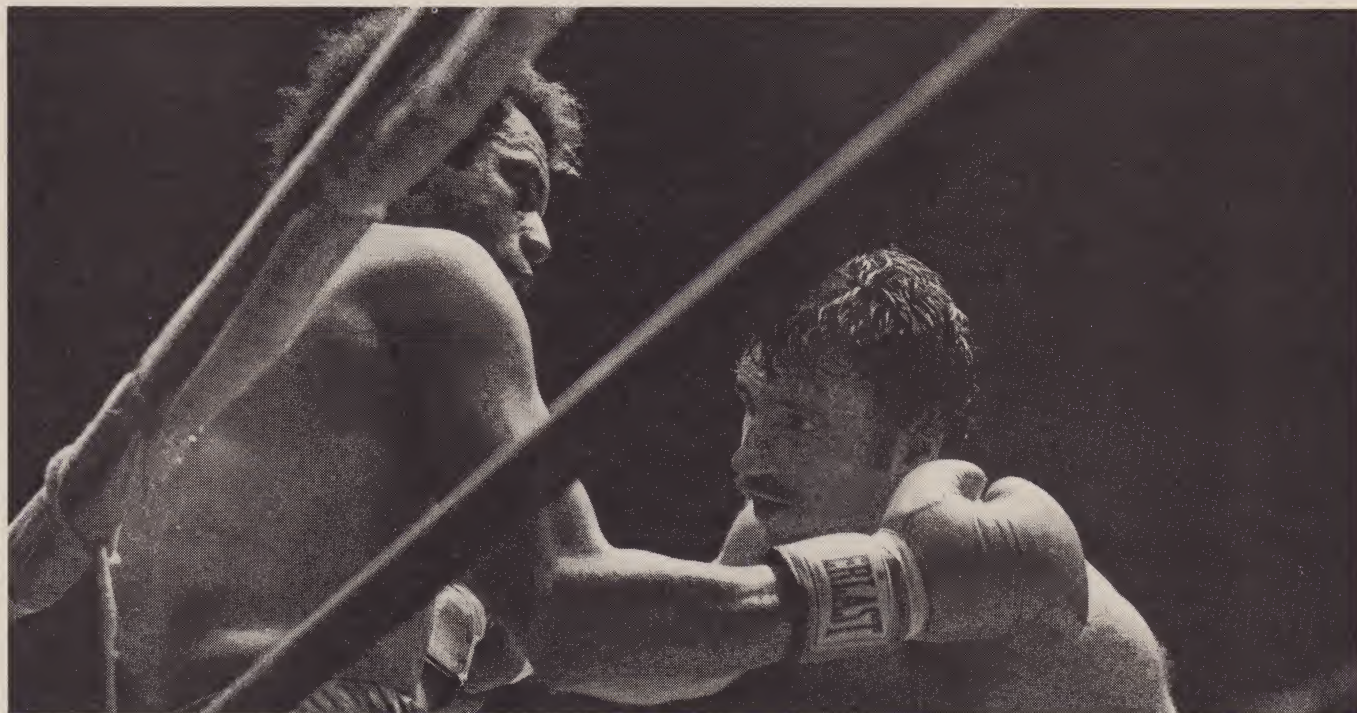
Neither Memorial nor any of Newfoundland's colleges have a visual arts faculty, and the printshop helps fill that void. Students at the Nova Scotia College of Art and Design and the Alberta College of Art can get credit for work they do at St. Michaels. It's also a community place, open to school groups from around the province. Anyone can use the shop for a small fee.

Since last April, Oberheide has been on a one-year sabbatical from her job at the printshop. A major grant from the Canada Council gave her the chance to work uninterrupted for the first time in a decade. She's now a Canadian citizen, and Newfoundland has adopted her as one of its most exciting artists, the way she has adopted St. Michaels as her home. 

Oberheide drinks in the sea's colors, light, textures; her images are ghostly silhouettes in pools of light

PHOTOS BY BUCHHEIT/PHOTON





Hollett meets David Love in Halifax

Ralph Hollett is a headstrong guy

He thinks he can be middleweight boxing champion of the world. But have fight fans already seen the best he has to give?

By Stephen Kimber

Blood bubbles out of both nostrils, mingles with the sweat on his upper lip and washes back into his mouth when he breathes. Ralph Hollett, Canadian middleweight boxing champion, tries to spit away its salty, bitter taste, but he spits out his protective mouthpiece instead. It lies useless on the canvas floor of the ring as his opponent, David Love, stalks him even more relentlessly.

David Love is in control. He dances and bobs and weaves as he forces Hollett back toward the ropes and then closes in on him, fists flying. Although tonight David Love is talented enough with his fists to outbox Hollett, and efficient enough with them to rank among the world's best 20 middleweight boxers, he is, in truth, just a 28-year-old journeyman who no longer entertains boyish boxing fantasies. He knows he'll never be a champion. He's become instead—as he admitted to a reporter the day before the fight—"the old doe the hungry lions have to knock off on their way to the top."

Ralph Hollett is a "hungry lion." And he wants—needs—to win tonight because victory will mean he has jumped one more hurdle on his road to the middleweight boxing championship of the world. Hollett wants the title because he sees the future as a stark success-or-failure, win-or-lose choice between the

life of million-dollar fight purses, television appearances and product endorsements he believes is waiting at the end of the boxing rainbow, and the life of late nights, smoky rooms and drunks he *knows* is waiting—along with a job slinging beer—back in his father's Halifax tavern.

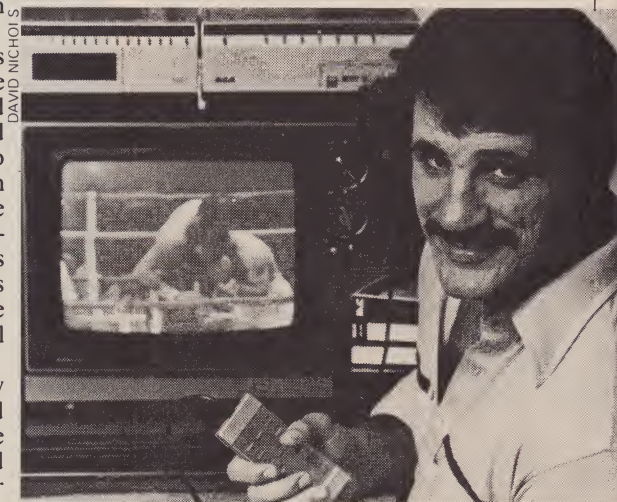
David Love is supposed to be just another one-night, one-punch stopover on Ralph Hollett's rainbow ride. After Love, Hollett planned to fight one or two top-10 contenders and then—probably before the end of 1982—challenge current champion Marvin Hagler for the world title.

But David Love has his own plans, and now, in the middle of the seventh round of their scheduled 10-round match at the Halifax Metro Centre, the wily veteran from San Diego is beating the rugged but rough-edged favorite in front of 5,000 of his home-town fans. If he catches Hollett with just one more solid blow to the head, he will probably knock him out.

"For me, every fight is my career," Hollett had admitted matter-of-factly before the match. "I'm 28, and it would be hard to come back after getting beat. If I don't win,

you know, it'd be back to the tavern for Ralph Hollett."

Ralph Hollett hides his vulnerable face from Love's flashing fists with his gloves and slithers to the floor, scrambling on his hands and knees to his corner where trainer Tom McCluskey shouts encouragement he can't hear. It doesn't matter. While the referee counts off the seconds, Ralph Hollett focuses on the one thing that does matter: He doesn't want to spend his life slinging beer in his father's tavern. He gets up, bobbles slightly and then steps into the centre of the ring. Drawing on the last physical reserves of his strength and the bottomless emotional well of his ambi-



Replaying tapes of former bouts

tion, he smashes a gloved fist at David Love's head.

Ralph Hollett isn't ready to go back to the tavern. Not yet.

Boxing and the booze business are both part of Ralph Hollett's heritage. Hollett's great-grandfather, who came to Nova Scotia from Lebanon, worked in a liquor store for many years, and his grandfather, well-known sportsman J.J. Hollett, owned the Rainbow, a north end Halifax tavern favored by athletes. After working in the Rainbow for 10 years, Ralph Hollett's father and brother opened their own north end sportsmen's tavern, the Olde Halifax, in 1976. Ralph Hollett worked there for three years until he became Canadian middleweight boxing champion in 1980. He even met his wife, Tara, at the tavern.

J.J. Hollett, who died in 1967, was a sports nut who passed on to his boys his love for all sports, but especially boxing. "We had a real gym in our basement," Ralph Hollett Sr. remembers fondly, "with a ring, a punching bag, a speed bag, everything." The Hollett boys settled quarrels there. "And if we didn't do good, my father would get in the ring himself and show us some tricks. He was good, too."

Ralph Hollett Sr., in turn, tried to teach the manly art to his own three sons. "There were always gloves around the house," he says as he reminisces at the table in the Olde Halifax. Once, he remembers, he urged young Ralph to stand up to a bully who'd been harassing him on the way home from school. His then-five-year-old son won both the fight and 50 cents from his father. "I figured that if a kid could box, he could look after himself. He didn't have to back down from anyone." He pauses. "Did you see that old picture of Ralphie?" he asks. In the picture, the future Canadian middleweight boxing champion, then a four-year-old boy, is wearing boxing gloves and standing in a fighting stance.

But even Ralph Hollett Sr. will admit he was surprised when his son took up professional boxing. He looks at the huge poster on the wall. It shows the adult Ralph Hollett posed in the same fighting stance, staring out across the empty tavern. "You know, I never thought Ralphie was really too interested in boxing," he says.

He wasn't. "I always wanted to be a hockey player, to tell you the truth," Ralph Hollett confesses today. He was a goaltender for two local high schools as well as a Junior "B" team but was never good enough for the big leagues and, uninterested in academics, dropped out of high school before the end of his final year. With no hockey future and no marketable skills, he simply drifted for a time.

Eventually, he landed a job "I hated" as a brakeman for CN and spent most of his spare time and nearly all of his pay drinking in taverns. "I, you know..." he says hesitantly, "I got into the odd spot

of trouble." He is quick to point out that he has no criminal record, but admits he may have been lucky. "I hung around with people who did get into trouble. And there was a lot of drugs going around. I had friends who died from drugs."

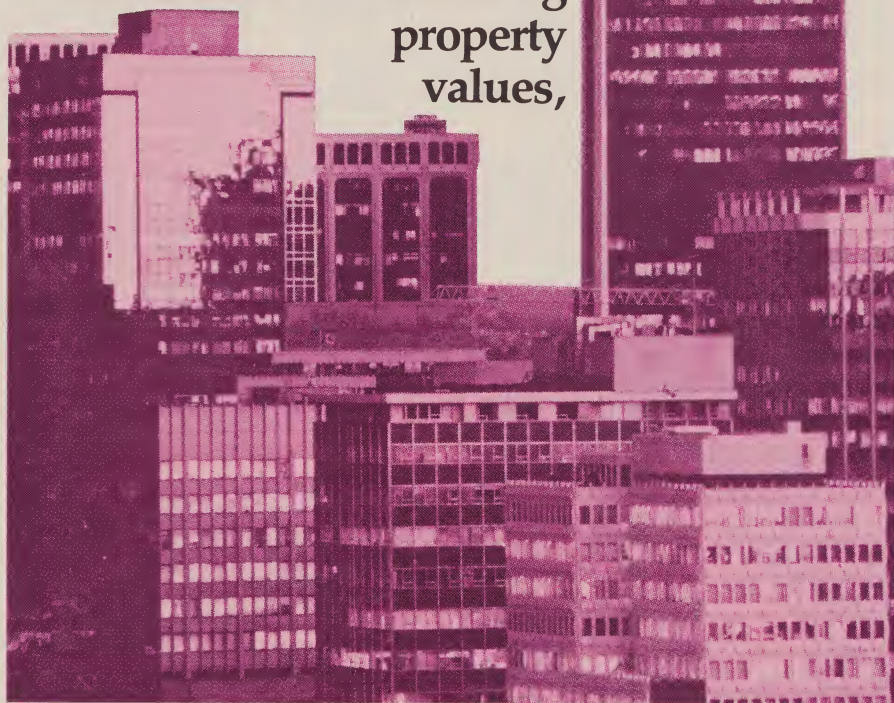
That may help explain why, one day in the summer of 1975, Ralph Hollett simply abandoned those desperate pleasures and dangerous diversions, began working out at the local YMCA to get his body back into shape and took up karate.

"I started to really take notice of him after the first six or seven weeks of the course," remembers karate instructor Jim Maloney. "He worked very hard

and he knew exactly what he wanted." What he wanted, Maloney says, was a black belt in karate and the chance to compete as a kickboxer—a sport that combines the features of boxing and karate.

By 1976, Hollett held a black belt in karate and was the Canadian middleweight professional kickboxing champion. But he was almost too good at kickboxing. "We had trouble getting opponents for him," says Maloney, who managed his kickboxing career and now promotes many of his fights. "We went to matches in Boston three times and every time Ralph sent his opponent to the hospital. No one wanted to fight him after that." Worse, Hollett couldn't make

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SPORTS

money as a kickboxer. "We'd fly down to Boston, stay in a hotel and get maybe \$50 or \$100 in prize money for a match," Maloney says.

Finally, in December, 1977, Hollett tried professional boxing to make some money and "to see how good I could do it." He laughs. "I didn't do too good." When he staggered to his corner at the end of the first round of his first match, "I said to myself, 'Holy Mackerel, what round is this? Is it over yet?'"

"I'd never laid eyes on Ralph Hollett before that night," veteran boxing trainer Tom McCluskey remembers, "but I

remember watching him and feeling sorry for him. He was taking a terrible shellacking."

McCluskey agreed to train Hollett anyway. He says he saw Hollett as the supreme test of his own skills as a boxing teacher. "I figured if I couldn't make something out of him—he was clumsy, but he was big and strong and hard-headed, too—then they might as well put him in a box and ship him to Siberia."

But by the time Hollett fought then highly regarded Fernand Marcotte for the Canadian championship in January, 1980, his record of five wins and five

losses was still so mediocre that McCluskey told one reporter, "I don't even want to discuss it. It's that bad." Hollett, however, in what one writer called the "biggest fistic surprise in the country" beat Marcotte in a unanimous decision in Halifax.

An entertaining fighter who makes up for his lack of finesse with a dogged, almost eager willingness to take as well as give punches, Hollett has, since then, first lost, then convincingly won back his title in crowd-pleasing matches with veteran Halifax boxer Chris Clarke; defeated Marcotte decisively in a rematch in Montreal; and dispensed with all the logical Canadian contenders for his crown. Last summer, he began trying to win his way into the world rankings with fights against tougher international opponents such as former world junior middleweight champion Elisha Obed.

Hollett did defeat Obed, but could he ever win the world championship against Marvin Hagler, whom McCluskey calls "one of the greatest fighters who ever lived"? "Nobody knows," McCluskey answers flatly, "not until he gets the chance. But I'll tell you this. Ralph is headstrong. When he gets something into his head, you'll practically have to kill him to get it out of there."

And Ralph Hollett, Tom McCluskey allows, has taken it into his head that he's going to be the middleweight boxing champion of the world.

Come on in," Ralph Hollett says, holding the door open. It is a crisp fall morning two days after his bout with David Love, and Ralph Hollett still carries the souvenirs: A red, slightly outsized nose, a small scar over his left eye and a greyish-purple bruise beneath it.

Hollett insists he feels fine. "He didn't hurt me at all," he says as he leads the way into the living room where his sons Roger, 3, and Colin, 16 months, are watching *The Friendly Giant* on a 26-inch color television set. A portable video-cassette machine and an Atari computer game sit on top of the set.

"He's a different person outside the ring," his father says. "When he's fighting, even in the gym, he goes all out. But at home, around his kids and family, you'd swear butter wouldn't melt in his mouth." Hollett, who is soft-spoken and deferential in conversation, has become quietly involved in a number of charities and was recently presented with a special "appreciation award" by Halifax Mayor Ron Wallace.

Hollett shows his visitor the panelled trophy room and bar he's building in the basement to hold his growing collection of boxing memorabilia, including two, \$2,000 gold-plated championship belts a Montreal promoter gave him for successful title defences. "They love me in Montreal," Hollett says. After he



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knocked out Marcotte in their rematch there last summer, one adoring fan even gave him a gold ring with diamonds in it to mark the occasion. "People I didn't know were coming up to me that night and making me job offers," he marvels.

Boxing has been good to Hollett. He's already, he says proudly, paid off a large chunk of the mortgage on his \$75,000 condominium in Clayton Park, a Halifax suburb favored by the city's upwardly mobile middle class. With his first \$50,000-plus boxing purse, he says, he'll invest in a few more condominium units there and rent them out. "The prices have been going up something fantastic," Hollett says, "so it would be a good investment for me."

But there still isn't much to invest. Although he made \$27,000 for the second Marcotte fight, he's netted not much more than \$5,000 a fight for most of his Halifax main events, including the bout



The Love match: "Every fight is my career"

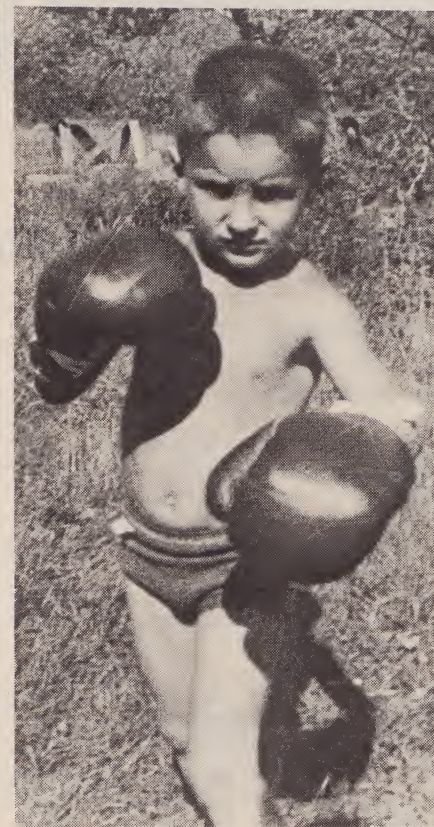
with David Love. That's not nearly enough to bankroll what he really wants to do after boxing. Like his father and grandfather before him, Hollett's dream is to own—not work in—a tavern. "That's why it's important for me to keep winning, to keep moving forward to the top 10. That's where the money is."

But Ralph Hollett hasn't kept winning. Although he survived the physical pounding he took from David Love in the seventh, eighth and ninth rounds of their fight, and even rebounded to stun his opponent with a few shots of his own in the match's final three minutes, most knowledgeable boxing observers said Hollett was lucky to sneak away with the official verdict of a draw.

CBC sportscaster Gerry Fogarty, who has watched Hollett progress from "the most awkward, no-talent fighter I'd ever seen" to a legitimate middleweight contender, says now: "We may have already seen the best of Ralph Hollett. If he couldn't do any better against Love, who was over the hill to start with, then where does that leave him?" One of David Love's handlers was even blunter. Hollett, he said, would last as long against Hagler "as a snowball in a hot place."

Ralph Hollett listens quietly to that gloomy speculation but insists it doesn't bother him. "A draw isn't as good as a win," he says, "but it's not a loss. It doesn't mean anything to me as far as my future is concerned."

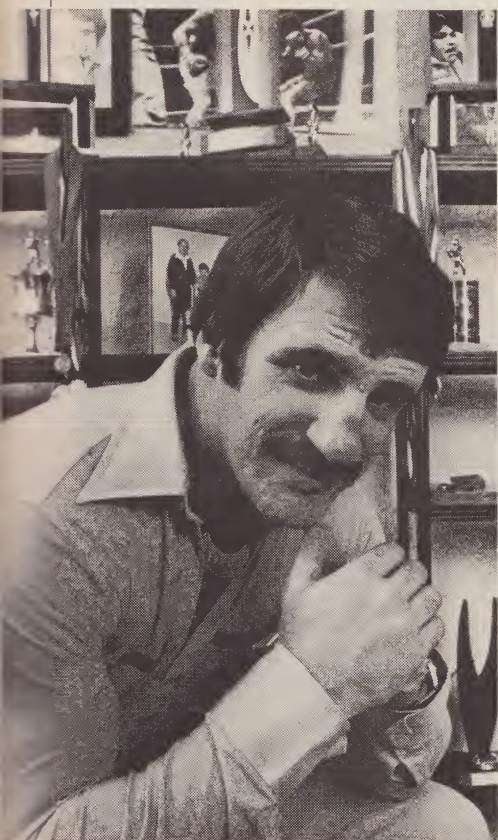
But Hollett will admit he doesn't have much time. He's just turned 29, which is old for a professional boxer. "He's got to do it in the next two years," Jim Maloney says. "After that who's



Ralph Hollett, age 4

going to talk to him about a title match? Nobody. And if he steps into the ring one night and gets knocked on his frigging ass, it's all over."

Ralph Hollett will make it, Ralph Hollett insists. "I'd hate to go back to being a tavern waiter again," he says evenly. "You don't get home until late and there's so much smoke and so many drunks. I don't want to go back to that." Is that what keeps him going? "It helps," he says, "it helps."



DAVID NICHOLS

At home he's soft-spoken, deferential

PHOTO CONTEST WINNERS



1st Prize Prince Edward Island—Bob Blakey, Calgary, Alta.



1st. Prize Nfld./Lab.—Dennis Helmuth, St. John's, Nfld.



1st. Prize New Brunswick—R.F. Morrell, Saint John, N.B.

How to pick a prize-winning picture

It could give you a few ideas on taking them. But there are no guarantees

Art director Bill Richardson, the man responsible for the way *Atlantic Insight* looks each month, was hard-pressed to define what makes a prize-winning photograph. But that didn't stop him from trying. "You're looking for a freshness, a new look at a familiar object or scene. Not so much a question of technique, but of soul."

Bill Richardson, along with photography director David Nichols and Wade Yorke of Carsand-Mosher Photographic, were judges in last fall's Photo Contest. In a hectic session, they had examined over a thousand entries and finally agreed on the winning selection.

David Nichols, asked for his criteria in judging, was more specific. "Normally, I'm looking at prints or slides and considering their suitability for use in the magazine. So it's important for the pictures to be technically good. We can always crop, or enlarge, or reduce, to gain impact. But in an open contest, you try to be less technically inclined and more content directed. The impact is inherent, and instant."

Readers saw Sister Lorraine Abbass' Grand Prize-winning photograph in the

December issue, and this month we are proud to show the top prize winners in the four provincial categories.

Each of these winners received the Pentax K-1000. All prizes were supplied by Carsand-Mosher of Truro.

Grand Prize winner Sister Lorraine Abbass of Charlottetown receives her Pentax ME-Super from *Insight* Island Rep Barry Smith



1st. Prize Nova Scotia—Tanis Root, Wolfville, N.S.

PROFILE

The Wizard of Olsen's

Two of every three cars on the road to the Saint John airport turn into Olsen's store. The attraction? One-stop shopping. A snack bar that lets you bring your own steak. And Al Olsen

Al Olsen may be a retail genius. Or he could lose his shirt. At 36, the Saint John entrepreneur has staked his fortune on one somewhat bizarre general store and the power of his own personality.

So far, despite the odds—dozens of New Brunswick corner stores fold every year—his formula seems to be working. Four and a half years ago, Olsen's kingdom consisted of an Esso station (Free Pop or Coffee with Each Fill-up). Today, edging reluctantly close to millionaire status, he's the largest single independent grocer in the province. Olsen's General Store, on the road to the airport in east Saint John, is open 364 days a year, 7 a.m. to 11 p.m. Two of every three passing cars turn into Olsen's. The attraction?

in to what his customers are saying about the store.

"I knew if I could build a store offering people what they wanted at as good, or better, prices as they could get elsewhere, it would work," he says. "I also wanted to keep our own personality, so we've put as much of ourselves into this place as we can. And people seem to feel that way about us."

Olsen works hard at ferreting out the cheapest supplier of everything from pepperoni to soda pop, knowing that most people will trade sanitized aisles and Muzak for 10 cents off. But another ingredient in Olsen's success has to be the proprietor himself.

Al Olsen seems to take a genuine delight in dressing up as Santa Claus and visiting hospitals at Christmastime. Once,

decked out in an Arab sheik's costume, he presided over a "Carnival for a Camel" at the store—a fair to raise funds to buy the local zoo's lovesick camel a mate. People still talk about the time he delivered Pampers and babyfood to families who were camping at a high school after being flooded out of their homes by a February storm six years ago. He loves taking kids for rides in his yellow 1931 Model A Ford truck with the Olsen's sign on the cab.

Like most store owners, he's had his problems with shoplifters. But once, when he caught a woman stealing from the store, he listened to her hard-luck story, discovered she was a mother on welfare and promptly offered her a part-time job.

Olsen bristles at any suggestion that he shrewdly uses community boosterism to bring in business. What happens, he says, is that helping people pays unexpected dividends.

"I wouldn't have been able to do what I've done without people, good people around me," he says. "We nearly lost the business last Christmas when we expanded for the third time and everything was totally confused. We got caught with too much stock, too many changes and new staff all at once. The bank cut off credit, and I cried to think I wouldn't

survive. And we wouldn't have, if I hadn't gone to each supplier personally, and each supplier hadn't given us an extension as a personal favor."

Competitors have been making bets for years on how long "crazy Al" would last. He started working at 15, when, as a high school student, he held down four part-time jobs—babysitting, waxing floors, pumping gas and carrying out groceries. After graduation, he worked almost 10 years for Sobeys. That experience, he says, convinced him that the chain stores weren't doing enough to help people—or themselves. In 1971, he borrowed \$3,200 from his father to buy a tiny corner store in Saint John's north end for \$6,000 down. Al and his bride, Diana, put in 18-hour days at the store (Diana conveniently gave birth to their first two sons, Allan and Mark, after the 10 p.m. closing time). Olsen personally delivered the orders, often taking time out to hang curtains or take out the garbage for elderly customers. In 1977, after a rash of arsons hit the neighborhood, the Olsens moved across town to the Esso station, this time with enough money to retire on and a loyal 75% of their customers.

Olsen now employs about 140 people, many of them high school students working part-time. He pays the students the minimum wage and demands hard work and enthusiasm for it. Those who stay enjoy the chaos; those who don't, call him a slave-driver. Olsen believes that the more people he has working for him, the more money he can make. Soon, he says, he wants to be able to pay his employees better and to set up a fishing lodge or resort where full-time staff can spend their holidays.

Meanwhile, Olsen continues to put in 18-hour days, and he's never known a week's vacation. He allows himself few leisure hours to fish with a friend, take Diana moose hunting or spend time with his three sons. The Olsens live in a run-down bungalow next door to the store and drive a nondescript Dodge. "It's sure not a fancy lifestyle," Olsen chuckles.

He keeps his finances secret, but he admits he's getting rich. And he's diversifying. Although the grocery business remains his main concern, he now owns real estate in Saint John, and he's part of a new company building and designing models of canoes and speedboats.

How big does Olsen want to get? The answer is carefully thought out and deliberately vague: "As big as I can without sacrificing my family any more than I have been," he says.

But despite his near-obsessive drive and ambition, he insists he doesn't want to get much more successful. "I'm dreading that," he says. "It seems wrong, somehow, to have all that money. I'm scared of becoming a millionaire."

— Jennifer Henderson



Olsen: His retailing formula seems to be working

"You can get everything there from a fart to a clap of thunder," says one satisfied customer.

Now about the size of a large church hall, Olsen's has needed three major expansions to hold its assortment of goods—grade A meat, groceries, hardware, toys, sporting goods, clothing, trees, grass seed. Above the wall-to-wall clutter, the ceiling is crammed with stuffed panda bears, swag lamps, jigsaw puzzles, oil paintings, rubber boots. The post office is an islet surrounded by spices and school supplies. The snack bar (Bring Your Own Steak: For \$1 We Cook It, Add Fries, Gravy, Coleslaw) is wedged between clothing and tampons. To the hum of country music, the buzz of the occasional fly and shouts through the intercom, shoppers push their carts among flats of berries, shotguns, Polaroid cameras, talking dolls, sleeping bags.

Al Olsen wanders casually through the chaos, wearing his Buddy Holly glasses and bulky-knit cardigan, tuning

Get ready for a round of media-bashing

Even Alice Cooper doesn't want you to know he once studied journalism. Oh God

Now hear Vincent Furnier, 33, better known as Alice Cooper, "grandfather of punk" whose failure to show for a Toronto concert ignited the wildest rock riot in the city's history, master of the revolting whose onstage stunts have included fondling snakes, sawing dolls to pieces while singing about dead babies and, according to legend, killing a chicken and drinking its blood. Explaining his show-biz philosophy to Toronto writer Liam Lacey, this charmer says, "I wouldn't want this to get around, but I used to be in journalism school. If you saw two headlines, one saying Reagan Orders Cutbacks, and the other saying Baby Born With Dog's Head, which one would you read first?"

Trouble is, he's right. At least he's a little bit right. Every popular magazine is like a circus. It's got the jugglers here, the clowns there, the aerial act on high, the tigers and bicycling bears down below, a series of surprises, jolts and quick delights to mesmerize a crowd till the last spotlight dies for the night. If everything works as the impresario (editor) wants it to work, people can hardly wait till the circus (magazine) comes back into their lives. Magazines, of course, also have loftier aims—informing the public, proving their social conscience, stirring controversy, promoting rural living, or whatever—but, as a rule, they either titillate or they die. Alice Cooper is not dumb. (And by the way, he says he didn't really kill that chicken; he just tossed it off the stage and let his fans tear it apart.)

What depresses me is his opener: *I wouldn't want this to get around, but I used to be in journalism school.* Leaving aside the thought that journalists don't want that fact to get around either, Cooper's crack suggests he's already sniffed the bad wind that's about to sweep over them. The honeymoon between press and public is over. It may never have been promising anyway. In the late Sixties, a survey to rank the status of occupations revealed that Canadians put journalists somewhere above garbage men and somewhere below cops. Then came Watergate. The guys who broke the story, Woodward and Bernstein, shot to prominence. Like astronauts, athletes and movie stars, they became heroes in the Great American Myth. Hundreds of thousands of youngsters flocked to journalism schools, seeking glory in a trade that for the first time in history was glamorous. Robert Red-

ford and Dustin Hoffman did Woodward-Bernstein in *All the President's Men*. Reporter Jane Fonda saved California from nuclear disaster in *The China Syndrome*. Lou Grant became Mr. Managing Editor for millions of TV-watchers; and reporters everywhere (by now known as "investigative journalists") could hold their aggressive heads high.

If they were smart, however, they also kept their elbows up, and their backs to the nearest wall. For nothing important had really changed. Beneath the heady cloud of celebrity, beyond the movies' lavish discovery of saintly reporters, down where the grubby work of getting the news went on day by day, the friction between the nasty news media and their indignant or sly victims never went away. The reportees did not cease detesting the reporters. Not for a moment. Jane Fonda didn't really make it any easier for a reporter to document rumors of corruption at city hall. Robert Redford could not wipe from Pierre Trudeau's lips the special sneer he reserved for press conferences. Lou Grant could not alter the opinion of Nova Scotia industrialist R.B. Cameron that reporters are "a vile breed." Cameron probably spoke for tens of thousands of businessmen, politicians and celebrities who've been roused at an ungodly hour by a blunt reporter with impertinent questions. (What made his smear rare was that, as a publisher, he himself hires "the vile.")

"Most [movie] celebrities," Norman Snider rightly observes in *The Globe and Mail*, "see reporters as small, failed types who come in handy when their latest effort needs promotion, but who are otherwise to be avoided like a bad disease." Not only movie stars feel that way. So do politicians, civil servants, bank presidents, tycoons, just about anyone who, for good or bad reasons, doesn't want the press mucking about in his affairs. Some field an unexpected question from a reporter with all the joy of a suburban adulterer getting a call from a friendly neighborhood black-mailer.

It was ever thus among the combatants. What's changing now, and changing for the worse, is the way everyone else sees the press. Yesterday's heroes may be tomorrow's scum, and I wish I could say certain elements in the press hadn't invited what's coming. But assorted betrayals of trust, trials by headline, slanderings of the innocent, incidents of key-hole peeping, the fobbing-off of fiction as fact, thuggish behavior by TV news crews...indeed, a whole raft of ugly journalistic practices have prepared society's soil for what could turn out to



be an obscene growth of media-bashing.

Film-maker Francis Ford Coppola predicts a giant tide of public outrage against the press, and in an upcoming movie Paul Newman plays a businessman who's wrongly disgraced by an evil woman reporter. As Norman Snider says, "It appears that journalists, like the police, lawyers, doctors, politicians—like anybody, in fact, who wields some form of authority in society—are now coming in for their season of abuse."

It won't be fair. Seasons of abuse rarely are. But unless it becomes so fierce it threatens legitimate press freedom, my advice to reporters is to roll with the punch, and develop a thick hide. Journalists are notoriously thin-skinned. (In Toronto they're so sensitive they're forever threatening to sue one another for libel, a situation that gives lawyers both fees and amusement.) Yes, there's truth in the politicians' hoary complaint that journalists are far better at dishing it out than taking it.

Now's the time to prove we *can* take it. Keep your cool. Don't get into screaming matches at dinner parties. Don't furiously defend the indefensible. Don't trap yourself into championing the *National Enquirer*. Let the insults bounce off your impervious shell. Remember, all this will pass. Next year, maybe the architects will be society's whipping boys, or academics, or clergymen. Meanwhile, if press criticism strikes you as rational, give it the rational consideration it deserves. If it strikes you as stupid and vicious—if, for instance, some yahoo insists reporters deserve a concentration camp in which club-swinging guards make them shovel pig poop for 18 hours a day—just turn the other cheek. Or tell him about the importance to his own well-being of freedom of expression. Charm him. Lead him gently toward a more positive way of thinking about your noble calling. Or better still, use the Trudeau technique: Shrug elaborately, and tell him to go suck an egg. ☒

Meta van Dyk "strikes" again because arthritis research is paying off.



Watching Meta van Dyk hold a 230 average with her Tuesday night bowling league, it's hard to believe she has rheumatoid arthritis.

At first, Meta didn't believe it either. Even after several years of working in the X-ray department office of a hospital specializing in the diagnosis and treatment of rheumatic disease, she shrugged off the early symptoms of arthritis. Like a lot of other people, Meta tried to live with her aches and pains. But, there came a time when that was no longer possible.

While Meta didn't take time off work because of her condition, she found it increasingly difficult to perform simple tasks. Pain, swelling and weakness in her hands and wrists made it almost impossible to pull out a drawer, turn a water faucet or open a jar lid.

"When it got to the point that I had trouble opening the door of my refrigerator, I realized I had to have medical help," she says.

Meta got the professional help she needed. She still has arthritis but its painful, debilitating symptoms are being controlled through medication and therapy. She wishes now that she'd gone to her doctor earlier.

For Meta van Dyk, and thousands of other Canadians, arthritis research is paying off.

About one in every eight Canadians has some form of arthritis. But victory is coming within reach. Your support for The Arthritis Society is used to fund vital medical research.

For more information about arthritis contact your local Arthritis Society or write to Box 98, Terminal A, Toronto, Ontario M5W 1A2.



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CALENDAR

NEW BRUNSWICK

Jan.—N.B. Hawks play—Jan. 2, 16, Fredericton; Jan. 6, Nova Scotia; Jan. 13, New Hampshire; Jan. 21, 23, Hershey; Jan. 27, Adirondack; Jan. 30, Rochester, The Coliseum, Moncton

Jan.—1981-82 McCain Cup: N.B. Hawks play—Jan. 2, 16, Fredericton; Jan. 6, Nova Scotia, The Coliseum, Moncton

Jan.—1981-82 McCain Cup: Fredericton Express plays—Jan. 17, New Brunswick; Jan. 24, Nova Scotia, Aitken Centre, Fredericton

Jan. 1-18—Ken Danby: The Graphic Work, Beaverbrook Art Gallery, Fredericton

Jan. 4-30—Pegi Nicol MacLeod: Retrospective, Rothmans' Gallery, Moncton
Jan. 8-10—Men's N.B. Legion Seniors' Bonspiel, Campbellton

Jan. 9, 10—N.B. Number One Cup, (down-hill skiing) Mount Farlagne, Edmundston

Jan. 11-Feb. 14—Fredericton Interiors/Exteriors, National Exhibition Centre, Fredericton

Jan. 11-Feb. 14—La Photographie depuis 1940, National Exhibition Centre, Fredericton

Jan. 15-17—Men's Labatt Schooner Bonspiel, St. Leonard

Jan. 15-March 30—The St. Lawrence 1900-1960: Ship models, photographs, maps, drawings, Moncton Museum

Jan. 17-31—Exhibit of works by Janice Furlong and Kala Tompson, UNB-Saint John

Jan. 20-Feb. 28—Greg Curnoe: Retrospective, Beaverbrook Art Gallery, Fredericton

Jan. 23-30—Theatre New Brunswick presents "Murder Game," The Playhouse, Fredericton

Jan. 29—A Night with Charlie Brown and Friends: Stories, games and crafts, Craft Centre, Saint John

Jan. 29, 30—Men's N.B. Pepsi Junior Championship, Curling Club, Dalhousie

Jan. 30, 31—N.B. Cup Number 2 (down-hill skiing) Crabbe Mountain, near Fredericton

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

Jan. 1-10—Cavin Atkins: Reprospective 1926-1944, Confederation Centre Art Gallery, Charlottetown

Jan. 7-Feb. 7—Island Painters, Confederation Centre Art Gallery

Jan. 10—Musicians' Gallery Concert series presents bassoonist George Zukerman, Confederation Centre Art Gallery

Jan. 13-Feb. 14—Cycles: Graphic art by Robert Davidson, Confederation Centre Art Gallery

Jan. 18-Feb. 28—Summerside Collects: Numismatics, philatelics, depression glass, furniture, Eptek Centre, Summerside

NOVA SCOTIA

Jan.—Kipawo Showboat presents "The Old Ladies," "Barefoot in the Park," "The Owl and the Pussycat," "Fiddler on the Roof," Wolfville

Jan.—Kipawo Showboat presents "Barefoot in the Park," "The Last of the Red Hot Lovers," and "Fiddler on the Roof," Historic Properties, Halifax

Jan.—N.S. Voyageurs play—Jan. 3, 20, 31, Moncton; Jan. 8, 10, New Haven; Jan. 15, Fredericton; Jan. 18, 22, Hershey; Jan. 29, Adirondack, Metro Centre, Halifax

Jan.—1981-82 McCain Cup: N.S. Voyageurs play—Jan. 3, 20, 31, New Brunswick; Jan. 15, Fredericton, Metro Centre, Halifax

Jan. 2-24—Mi'kmag: Micmac Costume Reconstruction from the 15th century, Mount Saint Vincent University, Halifax

Jan. 2-24—Tiles Tell a Story, Mount Saint Vincent University

Jan. 7-Feb. 14—Ian Carr-Harris: Recent work, Dalhousie Art Gallery, Halifax

Jan. 7-March 7—Selections from the Permanent Collection: Etchings and Engravings, Dalhousie Art Gallery

Jan. 9—Canadian Hostelling Association-sponsored cross-country ski clinic, Level I: Wentworth Valley, Trail Shop, Halifax

Jan. 15, 16—Atlantic Symphony Orchestra presents an all-Russian program featuring violinist Yuri Mazurkevich, Dalhousie Arts Centre, Halifax

Jan. 17—Dalhousie Film Society presents "The Deer Hunter," Dalhousie Arts Centre

Jan. 17—Gaspereau Ski Trip: Canadian Hostelling Association-sponsored cross-skiing, Trail Shop, Halifax

Jan. 22—Moe Koffman: Flautist, Dalhousie Arts Centre, Halifax

Jan. 22-26—Theatre Antigonish presents "Tennessee and Me," Bloomfield Centre, Antigonish

Jan. 22-Feb. 14—Neptune Theatre

presents "Endgame," by Samuel Beckett, Halifax

Jan. 28-Feb. 7—8th Annual University Community Show, Mount Saint Vincent University, Halifax

NEWFOUNDLAND

Jan. 1-31—Cecil Day: Quilts, Art Gallery, Arts and Culture Centre, St. John's

Jan. 1-31—Exhibition of Japanese Prints, Art Gallery, Arts and Culture Centre, St. John's

Jan. 1-31—Introduction to Japanese Art, Art Gallery, Arts and Culture Centre, St. John's

Jan. 1-31—Student Sculpture Exhibit, Annex Gallery, Memorial University, St. John's

Jan. 1-31—Australian Aboriginal Art, Newfoundland Museum, St. John's

Jan. 4-12—Resource Centre for the Arts presents "Dinner with Dottie and James," LSPU Hall, St. John's

Jan. 18-24—Resource Centre for the Arts presents a week of comic classic movies, LSPU Hall, St. John's

Jan. 22—Nfld. Symphony Orchestra features violinist Erich Gruenberg, Arts and Culture Centre, St. John's

Jan. 28-30—Labatt's Provincial Men's Curling Playdowns, Labrador City

Jan. 29—Theatre production: "Making Time With the Yanks," Arts and Culture Centre, Gander





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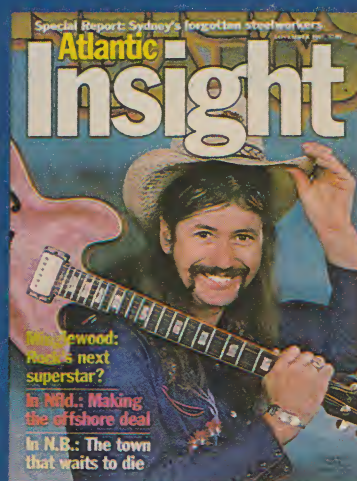
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ATLANTIC INSIGHT, JANUARY 1982

This wolfman's a howling success

He's Fred Harrington, and his research may make it possible to protect threatened domestic animals without killing wolves

In a thickly wooded section of the Shubenacadie, N.S., wildlife park, Fred Harrington presses the "record" button of his tape recorder, waits quietly for a few moments and then begins to howl mournfully, like a wolf. So much like a wolf, in fact, that a nine-month-old wolf pup named Jane, confined to a cage a few yards away, begins to answer. Then Jane's sister, Grace, who's in a nearby pen with several other members of Shubenacadie's 12-member captive wolf pack, joins the conversation.

Harrington, a 34-year-old biologist who's been studying wolves and mammal communication for 10 years, isn't sure exactly what he and Jane and Grace are saying to each other. But he has thousands of hours of wolf howls on tape, and he's hoping they'll help him and other scientists figure out what wolf howls mean, how one wolf's voice differs from another's and what prompts them to howl in the first place.

One application of the studies, Harrington says, could be a better method of controlling wild wolf packs in parts of North America where they menace domestic animals such as cattle and sheep. Instead of killing the wolves—as many farmers do—wildlife officials may one day be able to keep the animals within a protected wilderness area by broadcasting to the pack a system of howls that say, in effect: "Stay where you are."

Harrington, who teaches psychology at Halifax's Mount Saint Vincent University began his wolf studies near the Canadian border in Minnesota. He observed wilderness packs for three years and developed his own howling expertise, becoming good enough "to make a wolf mistake me for another wolf." Harrington says it's not that hard to mimic a wolf; their standards of what makes a good howl apparently are fairly low. "I've heard wolves howling that sounded just awful," he says. "They sounded like a human doing a bad imitation of a wolf."

The Minnesota studies showed that wolves don't always answer when a stranger howls to them in the distance. They tend to reply to strangers when they're unable to leave the area—when, for example, they're babysitting pups or guarding a deer carcass. Their howling then seems to set up an auditory buffer zone around the pack. "They're saying, 'Stay away,'" Harrington says, "but they do that only if the pack has to stay where

it is. Otherwise, they tend to either stay there silently or slip away silently."

Harrington, who recently received a \$9,300 grant from the Natural Sciences and Engineering Research Council, began studying Nova Scotia's only known wolf pack last May. Twice a week, he drives from his home in Bedford, N.S., to the wildlife park, where the captive pack roams around a 10-acre enclosure containing three pens. Jane and Grace live in one of the smaller pens with an adult male and female wolf.

When the pups were about 10 days old, Harrington and the park staff separated them from the main pack, reared them and taught them to enjoy human contact. The youngsters now are tame enough to walk quietly on a leash.

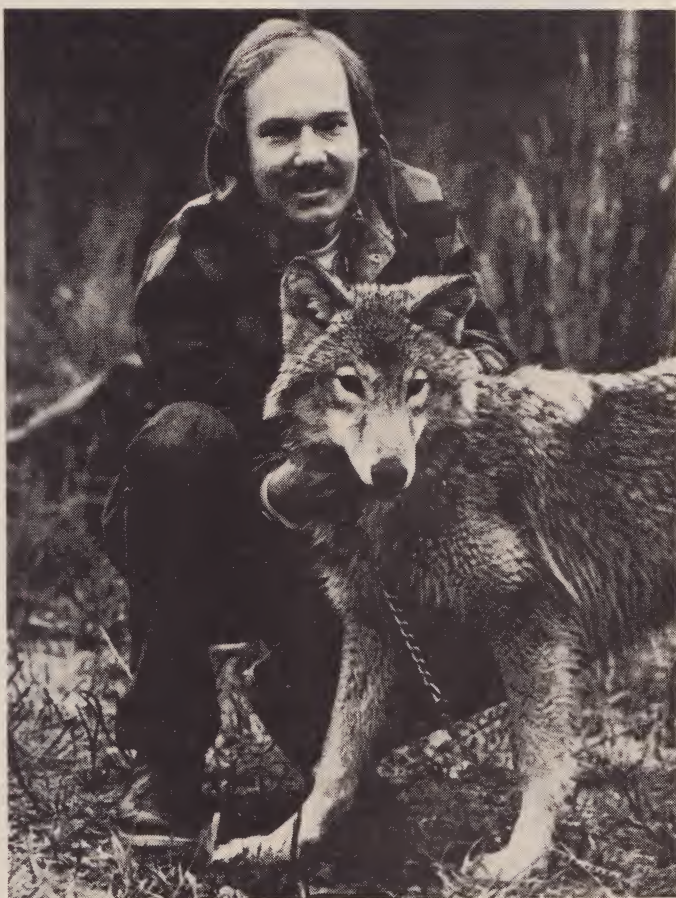
The Shubenacadie pack was started in 1974 by John Fentress, a Dalhousie University biologist, who went as far afield as the London, England, zoo and the University of Oregon to stock his captive pack. (Wolves were declared extinct in Nova Scotia before the turn of the century.)

Harrington hopes to spend the next couple of years working with the Shubenacadie pack. This summer, he'll take his tapes to Minnesota to play the Nova Scotia howls to free-ranging wolves and record their responses. Wolves in the wild, Harrington says, are more apt to reply to playbacks than are captives.

The next step will be to analyse taped howls on a sonograph machine to determine the physical properties of each howl. He'll be observing how the howls develop as the wolves mature and taking note of the social situation that prompted each specific howl. So far, it appears that a wolf changes howls to suit his circum-


stances. When one is separated from the pack, he'll use a "breaking" howl, a mournful sound with an up-and-down frequency modulation. A wolf howling at a stranger tends to hit one frequency and stay with it in "a fairly monotonous howl," Harrington says.

Harrington's taped howls have contributed to the arts, as well as to science. A Boston film-making group used some in the soundtrack of a movie, *The Tundra Wolf*, and a record album by American musician Paul Winter contains a Winter composition called "Wolf Eyes," with a musical theme based on the howls of a



Harrington with young Shubenacadie wolf

Minnesota wolf.

In his years of research with wolves, Harrington says, he's been uneasy "a couple of times" around the captive wolves, mostly because they don't fear humans the way wild animals do. Working in Minnesota, though, where researchers had to trap the wild wolves and equip them with "radio collars" to monitor their whereabouts, Harrington had no fear of the animals. "Any fears I had were fears of people," he says. "I was threatened a number of times by people who hated wolves—and hated people who studied wolves." 

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HARRY FLEMMING'S COLUMN

What price personal liberty?

If the adage "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure" had a foundation in law, people such as James Odo might be stopped before they carry out their homicidal urges; and people such as Darlene Davidson might live their full allotted life span. But the law lives not by anticipation but by reaction. Mere threats, first-year law students are told, do not constitute assault. And the ancient maxim of Sir William Blackstone, "It is better that 10 guilty persons escape than one innocent suffer," permeates existing law and the proposed Charter of Rights. Unfortunately, civil liberties and mental illness make uncertain bedfellows.

James Odo, 36, is the highly publicized tip of a perplexing medical-legal-political problem. On Oct. 27, 1981, a Halifax jury found Odo guilty of the first-degree murder of Darlene Davidson, 5, and the court immediately sentenced him to life, with no possibility of parole for at least 25 years. During the trial, he admitted lying to another court to escape conviction in the 1974 murder of a 15-year-old boy in Halifax's Point Pleasant Park. Two years later, in Sydney, Odo received five years in Dorchester Penitentiary for raping his nine-year-old niece.

After serving two-thirds of his sentence, he was released in February, 1980, on mandatory supervision. He moved in with Darlene Davidson's mother and became an affectionate "father" to her four children. Even after the couple split up, Odo remained a friend to the household. Thus, it seemed normal enough for Odo to offer to take Darlene and her friend to a carnival in Halifax. Instead, he took the two little girls across the bridge to Dartmouth and into the woods. There, on June 1, 1981, Odo came up behind Darlene and hit her "again and again" in the head with a rock. The other girl was not harmed.

Odo's record of psychiatric disorders goes back to 1965. He testified during the Davidson trial that he tried to get help at that time when he felt like killing his mother. Nova Scotia Hospital records show that he came to the hospital and was admitted on a voluntary basis. He also testified that he had become involved with a satanic cult in Montreal and had been a party to several ritual murders. In 1970, after a conviction for common assault and property damage, he was remanded to the Nova Scotia Hospital, where Dr. S. Naveed Akhtar, the head of the psychiatric unit, diagnosed Odo as a latent schizophrenic, living in a "borderline state" who could "go over the brink very easily." Following the 1974 killing,



Odo told police, "I must have done it. I need help"—a confession he later repudiated. Then, in March and April of last year, on the advice of his parole officer, Odo received counselling from the Nova Scotia Hospital on a voluntary basis. He told Akhtar that he'd smashed the head of a dog and felt like smashing a human's. He didn't follow up his treatment, but he did admit himself in May to the municipal Abbie Lane hospital. Again, he checked out and less than one month later Darlene Davidson was dead.

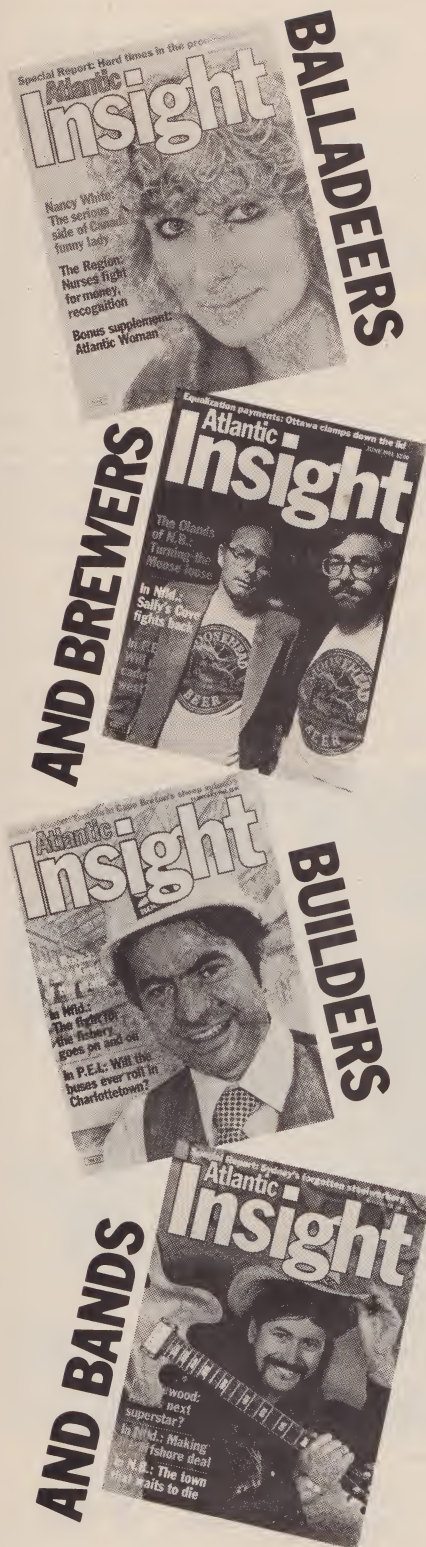
Despite expert testimony that Odo was "psychotic" and "insane on a daily basis," slipping in and out of reality, the jury convicted him of murder. His lawyers have said they will appeal the conviction.

Both the parole and psychiatric systems have come under understandably heavy fire for their actions—or lack of same—in the Odo case. Clearly, the critics say, given Odo's violent record and disordered mind, he should have received a longer sentence for his rape conviction, he should not have been released as early as he was, his "mandatory supervision" was too casual, his repeated warnings of his homicidal tendencies and his sporadic pleas for help should have been heeded. All of which is probably true.

Odo, however, is but the macabre manifestation of a deeper question—have we gone so far in protecting the rights of the mentally ill that we fail both them and, more important, society as a whole?

Take the case of a man I'll call Danny. Now in his early 30s, he's had a lifelong history of mental illness that was recognized as a pre-schooler and treated through every psychiatric avenue open to his reasonably affluent family. Once, in his late teens, he attacked his father, with the avowed aim of killing him. Eventually, he learned to live on his own with the help of heavy medication and regular visits to a psychiatrist.

Last August, all the signs of building tension were there. The psychiatrist made notes. Danny went berserk and again tried to kill his father. He almost



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ATLANTIC INSIGHT, JANUARY 1982

succeeded, before taking to his heels. The police were called. They surveyed the havoc and left with a knowing smirk, saying, "That must have been quite a party." No attempt was made to pick up Danny. The only thing left for the parents was to lay an assault charge against their son. The court gave him two years' probation, requiring him to keep the peace and follow recommended psychiatric treatment. He was then sent home to his apartment, alone.


The next night he took a taxi to the Nova Scotia Hospital and, no stranger to the place, begged to be admitted. He was told it was too late to find a bed for him; besides, he should have a paper signed by a doctor. He went back to his apartment, alone. Luckily, his violent urge was spent, for the time being.

Danny's psychiatrist told his frightened parents, "Now that he has a criminal record, it will be easier to deal with him if this sort of thing happens again." Odds are, it *will* happen again—and there's little that either the law or medicine can do about it, until it happens.

Two years ago, the Hospitals Act of Nova Scotia cut away some of the crippling red tape that made it next to impossible for a doctor or the police to act with speed during a crisis. Commitment papers had to be signed by two physicians who had examined the patient, an almost impossible test in an emergency. Now in "compelling circumstances" a single physician may forcibly commit a person to hospital for seven days' observation, after which he may be held only on the judgment of a psychiatrist. Also, the police or a magistrate acting on "reasonable and probable" grounds may have a person held for medical examination.

For the medical profession, it's a haunting dilemma. Says one frustrated Halifax general practitioner: "If I have a guy come to my office tonight and tell me he's planning to kill his mother-in-law, there's not a damn thing I can do to prevent it. They want me to stop them, but I've no tools to stop them. I can refer them to a psychiatrist but I can't make them keep the appointment."

There are no easy solutions, only a lot of hard questions. Should doctors be required by law to commit or report patients they *know* are dangerous psychotics, as they are with persons who have certain communicable diseases? What then of confidentiality in the doctor-patient relationship? Is society ready to accept mandatory commitment and treatment on a physician's judgment? Or should we continue to permit sick people to use their own judgment on their need for treatment? Is the law ready to confine a person against his will for what he *threatens* to do or *might* do?

The celebrated case of James Odo and the unreported case of Danny suggest that the medical-legal-political communities should rethink some of the fundamental principles of personal liberty and public safety. 

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For those who've wondered where bizarre cults come from

Ticket to Heaven, a new Canadian movie, has the answer

By Martin Knelman

Ticket to Heaven is ignited by the heat of a sensational subject—the scary wave of religious cults that have sprung up across North America, drawing in mixed-up middle-class kids and turning them into the kind of dedicated fanatics who are willing to chuck their lives, cut off their families and devote all their energies to raising money for some shady, self-styled messiah. Josh Freed's book *Moon Webs* (on which the movie is loosely based) started as a series of articles for the *Montreal Star* about Freed's friend Benji, who was sucked into a group run by the Unification Church (the Moonies) while visiting California, and was pulled out by friends and family (including Freed) who kidnapped him and hired a deprogrammer to liberate his mind from the grip of the cult.

The story first came to the attention of producer Vivienne Leebosh three years ago. Leebosh had grown up in the same tight Jewish Montreal society as Josh Freed and Benji. The proportion of Jewish runaways who become members of born-again cults is surprisingly high, and this saga had hit Montreal's Jewish community with phenomenal impact. At the time, Leebosh was looking for a project she could produce with her husband, R.L. (Ralph) Thomas, as director. Thomas had created the CBC television docudrama series *For the Record* and was eager to make a feature film. Thomas and writer Anne Cameron fictionalized the material inventing characters, using Toronto instead of Montreal, making the identity of the cult as vague and general as possible. They knew that no movie distribution company wanted to be tied up with years of lawsuits.

As the film opens, the novice "Heavenly Child," having lost 15 pounds and had his hair shorn during his intensive spiritual indoctrination at a rural retreat, returns to the city with a veteran colleague to perform the mission of selling flowers. They are raising money for the head of their cult family, a mysterious person whom they may never actually meet, referred to only as Father.

Only a few months earlier, David (played by Nick Mancuso) was living in Toronto with his girlfriend, leading the life of a typical, urban, educated, young North American male. Now, after a few months in northern California with this God-happy cult, he has undergone an

amazing transformation. His stare is vacant, his clothes are Spartan. He has come to believe that Father represents the only true god in the world, that he must renounce his former life and devote himself to Father, and that anyone who stands in Father's way is on the side of Satan.

Contemporary movies about touchy issues can be more exciting than other kinds of movies, no matter how well made. Thomas and his actors—and this film is a breakthrough for Canadian theatre actors like Mancuso, Saul Rubinek and R.H. Thomson—must have got high on the danger and intensity of

standup comic who works in a boring Toronto office by day and spends his nights doing schtick at a comedy club. After receiving some alarming calls from David, Larry goes to California, spends some time at Liberty City and almost gets brainwashed himself.

The worst flaw in the movie is its botched attempt at Jewish flavor. We've been given so few clues about David's alleged Jewish identity that his parents—oppressively neurotic kvetches played by Paul Soles and Marcia Diamond—come right out of left field. Once the decision was made to cast Nick Mancuso, the Jewish material should have been dropped. His dark, brooding look could pass for Jewish, but his vocal inflection and body movements are all wrong. When we're asked to accept these two cartoon Jews as his parents, we're thrown right out of the spell *Ticket to Heaven* has cast over us.

Luckily, the movie gets right back on the track as soon as R.H. Thomson comes on as Linc Strunk, the depro-




Canadian actor Saul Rubinek as Larry, an amateur standup comic

their subject, and the sequences at the cult retreat are supercharged. We're mesmerized by the rhythmic chanting, diverted by the theological harangues and the campfire confessional, seduced by the cosy group singalongs. We begin to accept this community as a whole separate reality, with its own set of fantastic characters.

David gets sucked into this group almost accidentally, after being taken to the camp in the spirit of some larky prank by his eccentric friend Karl, whom he has gone to California to visit. Once David has been brainwashed, our point of view is represented on the screen by Saul Rubinek as Larry, an amateur

grammer. He doesn't appear until 15 minutes before the end, but Thomson just about steals the movie. With his black jacket, stubble cheeks and lean, haunted face, he comes on like a parody of a hired gun. It's a sign of Thomson's control that he takes a role with more than a touch of hokiness and transforms it into something totally persuasive.

The ending is just a little too neat and placid. *Ticket to Heaven* is an exciting, scary psychological thriller, and it should leave us feeling a bit unsettled. But for those who have wondered where the bizarre cults come from, and how they gather in flocks, this movie provides an unforgettably effective answer. 

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January's awful. But, thank God, at least we're safe from killer crocodiles

In a few favored spots like Yarmouth, N.S., or St. Andrews, N.B., people's attention in January is, I suppose, taken up with the nutmeg harvest and preparations for litchi planting next month. But in most of the Atlantic region in the midst of January, when black spruce are cracked open to the heart by nights of ringing frost, our thoughts are always directed to the complete absence here of man-eating saltwater crocodiles. The hand of a merciful Providence has sprinkled the region with an adequate supply of editorial writers and/or opinion moulders who are guaranteed to latch on to our lack of crocs whenever the weather gets especially filthy.

This is the situation: An arctic low sweeps down from Ungava. A howling blizzard roars in from the Great Lakes. A savage gale tears up from the south. Freezing drizzle slashes in from the North Atlantic. They all meet, shake hands, rejoice and do their things over the Atlantic provinces.

That's early June. In January, if anything, it's a bit worse. Power lines collapse like cobwebs before the broom, every highway is a Bermuda Triangle into which squadrons of snow plows disappear forever, and Anne Murray can goose that little snowbird until hell (Atlantic division) thaws—birdie is frozen solid on the runway.

Dick, the shepherd blows his nail but many of us blow our cool. Outages are definitely in. Power outages, phone outages, ferry outages, road outages, skull outages. People turn peevish, verging on the frantic. They huddle in corners thinking nasty things, like driving nails into Princess of Wales dollies, mounting preemptive strikes against the Salvation Army or voting NDP. Some have been caught as early as late November ripping all the little windows off their childrens' Advent calendars. By mid-January, the only smiling faces you see in Atlantic Canada outside of lunatic asylums are those of dipsomaniacs and the deeply religious.

Even the latter are not immune to January biliousness. A relative by marriage speaks of attending a funeral in the Baptist Belt of New Brunswick at which the pastor laced savagely into the sins of the congregation, singly and en masse. He then proceeded to launch a hair-raising attack on the corpse.

That's what an eight-month winter

will do for you. But just when it seems that the tiny flame of civilization as we know it is about to gutter and die, the editorial writers come to the rescue. I'll bet my second-last oilwell there's one in your area. He's the guy who directs our attention to that man-eating saltwater crocodile lately subdued after a terrible rampage in Indonesia. Granted, he writes, we are enduring the deepest snow, the highest wind, the bitterest frost, the heaviest sleet and the Allanist MacEachen within living memory, BUT....But we should count our blessings. Also our arms and legs. We here in this blessed plot, this semi-demi, this other Tierra del Fuego, do not have to contend with jeezley big marine crocodiles as they do in the Celebes.

"By mid-January, the only smiling faces you see in Atlantic Canada outside of lunatic asylums are those of dipsomaniacs and the deeply religious"

Reference is made to a news item in yesterday's issue. A monstrous croc had been captured near Kunandang in the Celebes and, on being cut open, was found to contain bits of a Buddhist monk, a Wesleyan missionary, a P and O liner and 26 local inhabitants. Everything but a loud-ticking alarm clock. It strikes you that had the missionary introduced the 26 local inhabitants to *Peter Pan* first crack out of the box, then they might have still been around to tackle the New Testament. But we digress.

I was once suspicious about the coincidence of every editorial writer in Atlantic Canada writing the same crocodile editorial every mid-January. It wasn't strange that they shared a common philosophy. Better to light one little candle than to curse the newsroom's coverage of the latest power outage. But was there really a crocodile captured at the same time every year on the far side of the world upon which they could all pounce annually and hold up as a lamp unto our feet? So I have kept files.



Yes, there was. Last January it was Manokwari, New Guinea. In 1980, it was a village near Surabaya. So we may freeze to death in the dark secure in the knowledge that Atlantic editorialists do not—in this matter at least—take licence with the facts.

Their styles are reassuringly different, too. In St. John's there are two daily papers. The editorialist on one is a poetical humanist, while the chap on the other is scripturally kinky. Thus we may get one crocodile chin-lifter quoting Wordsworth—"not a single wassaname dies in vain, but to subserve another's gain"—and Sydney Smith's saying of strawberries that, doubtless, God could have made a better berry but doubtless God didn't and might not that apply, whatever the weather, to our own dear crocodile-free island? In the other paper we could get an editorial telling us there's an obscure text in Thessalonians which clearly shows that while a Mighty Jehovah has so far kept killer crocs out of Canada, He could just as easily warm up the Grand Banks and sic them on us...if our youth doesn't stop wearing T-shirts with filthy words on them.

Meanwhile, they've both got their alligator bags packed ready for the bolt to Florida. ☒

FEEDBACK

We're realists, they're chauvinists

Your article on New Brunswick in August/September (*A Forestful of Troubles*) is somewhat puzzling for a Newfoundlander to read, when one considers the abuse that was levied at us from the mainland when our government made regulations to procure more jobs for Newfoundlanders in their own province. If the news media were to publish the policies of Quebec with regards to permits required for non-Quebecers working in Sept-Isles and other parts of the province, then realistic regulations adopted by the government of my province and New Brunswick would not seem so bad.

Ted Shears
Rocky Harbour, Nfld.

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